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THE CAVERN OF ROSEVILLE.

See Page 200.

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THE

CAVERN OF ROSEVILLE;

OR,

THE TWO SISTERS.

A Tale.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

MADAME HERBSTER.

By ALEXANDER JAMIESON,

Author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, &c. &c.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

IT is no small pleasure to lend one's name, even as a translator, to an amusing book, which may, without danger, be put into the hands of youth. The tale of the Cavern of Roseville is of this class. Madame Herbster hath left it to others to conduct the tender mind from the dawn of reason, through its gradations of advance in the morning of life; and she hath extended her scenes, full of facts and of character, full of colouring and beauties, to that age when growing reflection ought to be associated with the ideas and sentiments of manhood, and attached to some models of human excellence.

But it is not to be expected that, in a tale written purposely for children,

there should be either great events, or piquant adventures :—all here is simple and natural, even as childhood; for the authoress has not painted passions, but sentiments; because she wrote for that period in life, when the descriptions of the former might too much affect the latter.

In a word, in the tale of the Two Sisters, Madame Herbster hath confined herself to two moral ideas :—The first of these is, young people must be taught that the path of life is often difficult to be traversed; and, that they must expect, at every step, to meet with some of those evils appertaining to human nature, in consequence of the disobedience of our first parents :—The second is, that God never abandons those who put their trust in him. Should he afflict them for a time, it is only to reward them the more abundantly in the end, after they have endured, with courage, the

trials of life, and have not ceased to fulfil the duties of their station with fidelity and obedience.

Besides the internal peace which the soul then finds, in the midst of the storms of life, resignation gives it a peculiar sort of enjoyment, that creates submission to the Supreme Being. It adores, it blesses the hand which smites it, and finds satisfaction where the wicked meet only with despair.

The Two Sisters, whom Madame Herbster introduces to her readers, the one aged twelve, and the other only six years old, are left alone, in the midst of a great city, without parents, without friends, and without a protector. It seems the Divine Providence conducted them to the Subterranean Cave,—that even there they found peace in the midst of that terrible revolution which over-spread France.

In fact, the tale of the Cavern of Roseville is founded in truth; and Gabrielle and Augusta, who are not ideal beings, are so well persuaded that God watches over them, that all their actions are performed as if they were actually under His eyes. If they have the happiness of performing a good action, they thank Providence in having chosen them to exercise a virtue which emanates from His universal beneficence. It is that same Providence who protected the whole family, and who upheld it in the midst of every danger, and who united them all at last!

TRANSLATOR.

THE

CAVERN OF ROSEVILLE,

&c. &c.

In the rich and fertile valley of Tours, and which, without exaggeration, we may call the garden of France, and on the banks of the Loire, is a small chain of rocks, exposed to the first rays of the morning-sun, and the scorching heat of noon-day. The ancient forest of Roseville, which overlooks this valley, defends it from the cold winds of the north. Cherries, apricots, peaches, and vines, grow there abundantly. Most of these rocks are inhabited by poor but

industrious vine-dressers, who, satisfied with the benefits which Nature has prodigally scattered around them, have no other ambition than with gratitude to enjoy her bounty.

The Count Roseville, lord of a part of that fine country, being one day hunting, was overtaken by a storm, that compelled him to seek for some place of shelter. At length he found one, which he entered without curiosity. This place had formerly been made use of as a lime-kiln. Here he walked backwards and forwards, in expectation that the violence of the storm would soon abate.

The count, observing that his dog penetrated beyond the lime-kiln without difficulty, followed the animal, and, after several turns, found himself in a vast subterranean cave, which to all appearance extended itself under the whole chain of rock.

It was then the 30th of June, 1792. The nobility were persecuted and imprisoned. The tenth of August and the first days of September were fast approaching—an epoch terrible in the French revolution—as dreadful by the blood which deluged France in every part, as by the unexampled misfortunes which have followed it.

The Count Roseville, more the father of his tenantry than their landlord, relying on the affection he had to expect from them, had till this time put off the day of his emigration, ever hoping that the political cloud which enveloped the horizon would yet clear up, and that the laws and virtue would triumph over corrupt principles and the contagion of vice. Disorder, however, made rapid progress, and plunged France in all the horrors of a civil war. Innocence fell under the fatal axe; death was inevitable, and flight became impossible. The count himself was in constant

apprehension of being arrested. It was this subterranean cave he had so accidentally discovered, and which he had now but partially examined, that suggested to him the idea of making it a safe retreat for himself and his family.

As soon as the rain had ceased, he returned to the castle, ruminating on the idea which had just occurred to him, and communicated it to the countess. She seemed struck with it, and proposed that they should go the following day and visit the cavern. Her children, Gabrielle and Augusta, overhearing the conversation of their parents, begged the permission of accompanying them;—a request which was granted on the express condition, that they would preserve the greatest secrecy on the object of their walk.

Richard, valet to the count, and who had been brought up with him, having long acquired his master's confidence, was

the only one of all the domestics whom the count deemed it prudent to entrust with the secret of the cavern, and the object of his journey thither.

The next day, the whole party set off after breakfast. As soon as they arrived at the entrance to the forest, the carriage was sent home again. Having reached the lime-kilns, Richard, provided with flambeaux, entered the cavern first. They all followed him. By the lights with which the servant was furnished, an obscure passage was discovered, and which the count had not perceived the day before. This passage led them to a kind of grotto, the roof of which was supported by four pillars of rock. In the centre of this grotto was a spring of water, which fell as a cascade into a small basin, and then lost itself under the rock. A faint light penetrated into this grotto through crevices perceivable in several places. Farther on

were discovered several other grottos, which might easily be rendered habitable. In one of these was an aperture between two stones, disposed in such a manner, that it was impossible for the rain to penetrate, yet sufficiently large to admit the rays of light.

Most of the other places were more or less enlightened. A long corridor led them to a kind of rotunda, rather elevated, but inaccessible to the light of day. Behind this rotunda, a narrow and winding passage led them, after a quarter of an hour's walk, to a quarry, at a very short distance from the bridge of Tours.

"Two entrances!" exclaimed Richard; "this is wonderful! If my lord, the count, can believe me, I will undertake to render this subterranean cave habitable, and impenetrable to the curious."

"How?" said the countess. "Why should not other people have the same cu-

riosity as we? Besides, this cavern may be known to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood."

"That is not very probable, madam," replied Richard; "since it is a labyrinth wherein they might easily lose themselves; they will, consequently, be deterred from entering it. Besides, the country people have something else to do; the town's people are too timid to go far into it, even if any of them have discovered the entrance; as to strangers, what motive, what occasion have they to visit such a place? However, I shall put an end to their curiosity?"

"And in what manner?" enquired the count.

"I shall put doors in the most secret places," replied Richard.

"Doors! but that will be the very reason why any one would wish to penetrate further. Naturally, one would desire

to know what is beyond them. The doors will be forced, and"——

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Richard, hastily interrupting his master; "these doors shall be invisible to any one except your own family."

The countess and her daughters had well nigh smiled at these simple expressions; but Richard appeared so serious, that they were satisfied with merely enquiring the explanation of this pretended invisibility.

"These doors," replied the domestic, "shall be a frame of wood, which I shall fill with clay; and when any one touches them, he will suppose he has laid his hand on the earth. They shall be fixed in the most obscure places; and I can assure you, that, unless there is light, and a very narrow search made, it will be impossible for any stranger to find them out."

The count reflected but a moment on

Richard's project, when he had it explained very clearly; and thinking it very practicable, gave him permission to put it in execution, promising to furnish him with whatever was necessary for his undertaking, and to help him with all his means.

"Indeed," said he to the countess, "the more I think of it, the more I am persuaded, that Heaven itself has disclosed to me this retreat. I hope we may never stand in need of it; but, at all events, it is prudent to prepare such a place."

The following day, Richard went to the town, where he bought the necessary implements for effecting his design; and the count, under pretence of hunting, went every day to help him. In short, they were so active, and so constant at their work, that the cavern was prepared for their accommodation in a very little time.

About six weeks after the discovery which the count had made, and on the

11th of August, the countess and her daughters were invited to view the cavern. They went thither. Richard shewed them the safety of the clay-doors and the manner of opening them; after which he conducted them to the grottos or chambers, the floors of which he had covered with straw-mats; and above these he had laid some old Turkey carpets, that were of no use in the lumber-room of the castle. He had also covered the walls with thick tapestry, to preserve them from dampness. The largest room, which was also the best lighted, was destined for the countess, and another adjacent to it for her two daughters. They were separated by doors of wood, covered with sheep-skins, to defend them from the cold. The kitchen was at a small distance from these apartments, and different closets contained provisions of all kinds. A very plentiful stock of oil and charcoal was also laid in.

Lamps, fixed at small distances from each other, gave abundant light to the most obscure places. The rotunda formed a kind of study. A lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling, by the reflection of its light on the rocky spar, made it appear as if overspread with diamonds.

A piano, a harp, music, a port-folio filled with excellent drawings, crayons, a bookcase stocked with the works of the most celebrated authors, promised many amusements in this retreat. Double doors, equally as impenetrable as the first the countess had seen, she found were also placed in the entrance next to the quarry.

The countess examined, admired, and approved every thing; and that very evening caused to be brought to the cave a sum of money arising from two considerable estates which her lord had lately sold; her plate, her diamonds, her most precious moveables; and, to a great quantity

of linen, she added peasants' dresses she had bought for herself and daughters, that they might appear in these without exciting suspicion, when they had occasion to go abroad for air and exercise.

Thus prepared, they agreed to inhabit this retreat, on the least appearance of danger. Richard was to remain at the castle, to observe what might be going on there, and bring them bread and meat, the only provisions they were likely to want in more than a week. Alas! the danger of which they were speaking was not far off.

A few days after, about ten at night, the count received a letter, which threw him into great trouble.

"O Heavens! what has happened?" exclaimed the countess.

"You may read," replied the count; "it is useless to hide it from you.—My father and your brother are both dead, defending their king.—Louis XVI. is a pri-

soner in the Temple; and terror reigns over our unfortunate country!"

It was some time before the countess recovered herself, and gained sufficient spirits to read over that sorrow-bringing letter, and learn the details of the frightful tenth of August. In those moments, sorrow is dumb. Both sat immoveable. With downcast looks they gaze on the ground, without making any movement;—the one regrets a father, the other a brother;—both very dearly beloved, and worthy to be thought on in this sad hour of grief and horror. Tears are the only relief of sorrow; and theirs could not as yet flow. At last, the countess, roused by the danger which she now saw threatened her husband's life, proposed to shut themselves up without delay in that retreat, now become necessary; and which happily was already prepared to receive them.

The day following, she called all her

domestics together, and informed them, that, being obliged to go a long journey, she no longer needed their services; giving them, at the same time, a year's wages more than their due, to indemnify them for so sudden a warning.

She had scarcely finished their accounts, when two strangers, notwithstanding the order she had given to let nobody get in at the gates of the castle, entered her apartment, and arrested the count *in the name of the law.*

The countess, distracted, flew from one apartment to another, and called to her servants to help her husband; but, going near a window, she saw the court-yard filled with gendarmes. She was now sensible that resistance would be vain. A carriage drove up to the gate, to receive the prisoner; but before the count stepped into it, seals were, in his presence, put on all his papers; and two guards were left in the

castle, to watch that nothing might be taken away; or, rather, to watch the countess herself.

"Where are you leading me to?" said the count.

"To Paris," replied one of the guards. "This is all we can say."

"I will follow my husband," cried the countess, giving orders for her departure.

"That cannot be," answered the officer of the gendarmes. "We are only authorised to take the count."

The count saw plainly, that he would be separated from his family. He tenderly embraced his wife and children, begged Richard never to leave them, and followed the gendarmes.

All the inmates of the castle were left in the greatest consternation; for the count was almost adored by his domestics. Richard alone preserved his presence of mind, and coolness for business. He assigned the

servants' hall as a guard-room to the two gendarmes. He pretended to lock up the cellars in which the liquors were kept. He took away merely the keys. The cellars remained open. What he had foreseen, happened ere midnight. The guards demanded the keys of the castle, and locked all the doors themselves. In fine, certain that no one could get out without their permission, and imagining they could easily enough defend themselves with their pistols and swords, which lay on a table hard by them, they went to the wine-cellar, where, charmed with its contents, they got drunk in perfect security.

When they had fallen into a sound sleep, Richard, entering by a secret door, adroitly took away the keys from them, opened the gates, let out the countess and her children, and accompanied them himself to the subterranean cavern.

It was now about three o'clock in the

morning, and the heavens were wrapped up in darkness. Richard, though furnished with a lantern, could not make any use of it, lest its light might induce some one to follow them. The distance between the castle and the forest was exactly a league. The rain, which had fallen the day before, rendered the road very disagreeable, particularly for the children, who had never travelled in this manner and during the night. They passed on with the greatest silence. The darkness was so great, as to prevent them from distinguishing the surrounding objects; and Richard was under serious fears, lest they might lose their way. He, therefore, lighted his lantern, to ascertain the road; but at this instant the sound of many voices arrested the attention of our travellers.

"O Heavens!" cried the countess, "we are pursued; what will become of us?"

"Pray, be silent, madam," said Rich-

ard. "Let us penetrate into the thickest part of the wood, and there wait for a while."

He took the least of the young ladies in his arms; and the countess followed him, leading the elder by the hand. By degrees, the voices approached, in the direction of the fugitives' retreat, and a detachment of gendarmes and infantry passed at a very little distance from them. When all was again calm, they returned into the road they had previously quitted; and Richard, after many endeavours, found their way; but it was not without difficulty they reached the lime-kilns.

He was armed with two cases of pistols. He lighted his lantern, and advanced into the cavern, recommending to the countess and her daughters the greatest silence, from an apprehension that some robbers, or houseless travellers, might have taken refuge in that part which was accessible to

all. Fortunately, they found none to oppose them, and arrived without any accident at the earthen doors.

When they found themselves in safety, Richard, addressing himself to the countess, begged that she would allow him to go to Paris, to procure some intelligence of his master, and, if possible, to rescue him from the horrors of a prison. "Money is necessary," added he; "give me some, I pray you, madam; and assure yourself that I shall bring back my lord the count, or that I shall share his fate."

"No, Richard," replied the countess; "it is my duty to follow my husband, and share his dangers. If I am not able to procure his liberty, the sight of his wife and children will, at least, soften the rigours of his captivity."

"It shall be as you please, madam," said Richard; "but, if you can rely on my presentiments, you will remain here, for

your own security, and the safety of the young ladies; because, if I am fortunate enough to succeed, it will be easier for the count and me to return, than if you were with us."

"Ah!" exclaimed the countess, "if he obtains his liberty, I shall know how to preserve it. My children!" continued she, addressing herself to her daughters, "that we may not be known, let us now assume the dresses I have lately purchased. I cannot tell what may befall us on our journey. Here is a double key of the closet that contains all our fortune. May Heaven grant us the happiness of being all united again in this cave, were I even destined to spend my life in it! But, as none of us can foresee the future, Richard will shew you the way of opening the doors."

As soon as they had changed their apparel, they all hastened to quit the cavern, by the egress towards the quarry. The

young ladies tried to open and shut the doors themselves, and found they could do so easily enough. The party then went directly toward the high road, in order to get forward to Paris by the first conveyance that might pass that way. They had not waited long, when, fortunately for them, a coach came up; and there happened to be in it but an elderly lady, in apparently very low spirits. The whole party, in short, enjoyed the most profound silence; and the mind of each was left to reflect on what interested it most. However, before the evening, Richard learned that this good woman had been housekeeper in a castle near Saumur, the master of which she had nursed; but he had lately been massacred, and his house burned down to the ground. She was going, she said, to join her son, who was settled in Paris, in hopes that he would soon close her eyes. To die in the arms of her dear

child was the only consolation to which she now looked forward with any feelings of maternal sensibility.

"Poor woman," said the countess to her daughters, when they were alone, "her son is then the only consolation she has left! It is to be hoped that her tenderness will not be forgotten, if he has the means of softening her misfortunes."

"Ah! mamma," replied Gabrielle, "you have also children, who will soften yours. I hope we shall soon join my dear papa!"

"Rejoin him! my dear child—Where? and when? Alas! I dare not venture to hope so much."

Having arrived at Paris, Richard hired, in the Faubourge St. Jaques, two small chambers suitable to the condition in which the countess wished to appear without uneasiness. He hired also another for himself in the same street. His next business was to go to all the friends of the count,

to procure their good offices for regaining his liberty. There was not one of them to be found! The most of them had perished; and the remainder of them were imprisoned, or had sought their safety in a precipitate flight. His own researches to discover the place of his master's confinement were fruitless: they served only to render him an object of suspicion; and he was arrested.

The countess received this melancholy news with inexpressible sorrow. She felt only the courage produced by despair, and resolved either to perish or save her husband.

"Richard is arrested," said she to her daughters; "there remains no other friend to your wretched father but his wife! I cannot abandon him. But, should I fall a sacrifice to my endeavours, who will take care of you? My dearest Gabrielle, you must foresee all.—Attend to what I now say. If I should be two days without

returning to this lodging, you must set off with my dear Augusta for Roseville, and shut yourselves up in the cavern.—Alone—on foot—without a protector.—I shudder at the thought of the dangers which you shall have to encounter! However, my dear children, they cannot be equal to those I should suffer, to know that you were alone in Paris. Fear nothing. Have confidence in God! He will protect you. He will be your guide! In Him alone you will find safety. Avoid as much as possible the public conveyances, and take advantage of the carts going from Orleans to Tours. Do not answer any questions which may be put to you respecting your parents. Say, that you have just lost them, and that you are returning to your native place, Tilly. I shall sew in your stays all the money I can spare. At no time let any one see that you have more than two assignats for a hundred sous, or

for fifty pence each. The poorer you appear, the less danger will always attend you. The dress which you wear, and your extreme youth, if you are prudent, will guarantee you against suspicion. The fatigue of the carts, bad lodgings, and coarse food, are the evils which will require your greatest courage and patience. I repeat it to you, my dear children, place your trust in God! You will find, in whatever place of the earth you may be, that His paternal eyes watch over you. Nothing can happen to you without his permission. If he afflict us for a time, it is only to recompense us amply in the end, if we support the trials of life with resignation and courage."

"Ah! mamma," cried Gabrielle and Augusta, both bathed in tears, "you must not quit us: what will become of us without you and our papa?"

"Alas! my dear children! I do not

voluntarily abandon you: but if I should be arrested, what will become of you in Paris?—without parents—without a guide, and without assistance? Your last resource would be an hospital, where misery and every evil would assail you. Dearest creatures! O my daughters!—in an hospital!—My Gabrielle! I conjure thee, do not afflict my soul with this terrible idea. Promise me, that you will go directly to the cavern, should it unfortunately happen that two days elapse before I return to you!"

"Yes, mamma!" replied Gabrielle sobbing, "I will obey you, since you wish it."

"Ever recollect, my dearest children, that so soon as your father and I are free, the cavern will be the very first place we shall go to; and, in the arms of our children, we shall forget all our sorrows."

Gabrielle was only twelve years old. Her countenance was interesting; but her

features were so delicate, and so regular, that they did not strike a superficial observer at first sight. It was necessary to look attentively at her to find her as pretty as she really was. She was little of her age; but it is her fine mind which must be drawn, that the sweet sensibility which characterized her,—her piety, her beneficence, the evenness of her temper,—her love, her respect for her parents, her complaisance for her little sister, and the application with which she devoted herself to the lessons and studies of Augusta,—may be thoroughly known and appreciated.

She had a perfect knowledge of the duties of her religion. In ancient history she had been pretty well instructed, and of geography she knew more than any one of her age. The harp and the piano were her sweetest recreations. Her voice, without being of great compass, was extremely

agreeable. She accompanied herself with taste, and promised to be, in time, a good musician. She designed tolerably well, and wrought different kinds of needle-work with admirable skill.

Augusta was but six years old. She possessed a most charming docility and an angelic sweetness of temper. It is to describe but one trait in her character, to say that she chose her sister for her model. Her pretty round face, her fine black hair, her sparkling eyes, and her complexion, made her, at first sight, an object of admiration; but, when once you became acquainted with her, it was impossible not to love her.

The countess took them every morning to the barrier of the road leading to Tours, that they might know their way out of Paris; adding to her first instructions whatever she thought necessary for their safety, in case of any accident; after which,

she used to bring them home with a sorrowful heart: and, when she had lodged them safely in her apartments, she would then go out by herself, to search the police-offices, and enquire after her husband at the prisons in which he was likely to be confined.

One day, being excessively fatigued, as she was mournfully crossing the Luxembourg, a tile, thrown from above, fell at her feet. It was died with blood; and on it some characters appeared to be traced. She seized it shuddering, and read these words:—

"My dearest Gabrielle, return to your retreat—preserve to my children their mother—be resigned and be courageous—the Eternal is our protector."

The countess felt as if she would have sunk to the ground, and nearly fainted away with surprise.

The centinal, who had stepped aside at

the moment the tile fell, having returned to his beat, rudely drove her away. She then retired to the middle of the garden, and perceived the count looking through a small grating, in a kind of a garret. He made a sign to her instantly to withdraw, and suddenly shut the window. She understood from the sign made, that some one had entered his chamber. She waited some time longer, in expectation of seeing him again; but he appeared no more that day.

In the evening, she reached her sorry lodgings, rather more composed than on the preceding day, and communicated to her daughters the intelligence she had gained. The following day, she returned with them to the Luxembourg. Towards mid-day, the count appeared at the grating for an instant, and again about six in the evening.

It was probable he did not inhabit that

chamber; and that he was only allowed to come into it at those hours on which they had seen him, and only for an instant. They kept at as great a distance as possible from the centinal; and, when they thought no one perceived them, sent a thousand kisses to the count, who, on his part, expressed in like manner to them the tenderness and sensibility of his soul. With an humble resignation, he pointed to Heaven; and, extending his arms towards them, contrived to make them understand that he committed them all to the protection of the Almighty.

All the endeavours of the countess to penetrate into the prison were of no avail. She could not gain admittance. There remained, therefore, to her no other consolation than to see her husband for an instant every day, at the window of this mansion of misery. But she was soon denied even this poor short-lived consolation.

During the massacre of the prisoners, which lasted day and night from the first to the fourth of September, the garden of the Luxembourg was shut up, and it was impossible for the countess to gain admission.

Let any one judge of the sufferings of this distressed woman; for uncertainty, the most dreadful of all torments, is more cruel than misfortune itself. The latter overwhelms the soul, by a pressure which takes away all its faculties, at least momentarily; while the former keeps it in continual agitation between fear and hope, too keen and too painful to suffer it to resist so many and so repeated blows.

Soon after, a violent fever seized the countess. Her haggard eyes, dried up by horrible despair, could not shed one tear of relief to her heart. She paced her chamber with hasty steps, halting every moment, suddenly falling on her knees, raising her

hands towards Heaven, as if soliciting the Divine assistance.

"My God!" said she, with the resignation of a true Christian, "I submit to thy holy will—but—have pity on my children;" she added, with the accents of an almost broken heart.—"What will become of my children?—O! my God! do not abandon them!"

Then her looks were directed towards those innocent creatures, whom she pressed to her bosom, and soon after fell into a kind of stupor, out of which she only emerged by a very awful delirium. Five days did she remain in this frightful condition, when she at last rose precipitately, crying out:—"I will make one other effort—nothing shall stop me.—I will either see him this day, or perish with him!"

Her daughters, terrified, embraced her, and covered her face with kisses and tears.

"O mamma! my dear mamma!" cried Gabrielle, "do not abandon your unhappy children."

"My dearest Gabrielle," said the countess, pressing the child to her bosom, "recollect all the instructions I have given you. If I do not return this evening, or to-morrow, then go off instantly to the cavern, and shut yourselves up. Your father and I—we will follow you, provided we can escape, and flee from death that surrounds us on all sides. Always conduct yourselves as if I were present; for He who penetrates our hearts, and sees our most secret thoughts, will watch over you, and reward your obedience. And thou! my darling Augusta, do thou never forget, my little dear, that your sister will be as myself beside you. Love her as thou wouldst thy mother, and as your sister. Both of you promise me to fulfil faithfully all I

have enjoined on you, should it unfortunately happen that I am arrested."

Gabrielle and Augusta, at their mother's feet, bathed her knees with their tears, and promised strictly to obey her; and with a voice stifled with sighs, cried out—"O! Almighty God, save our parents—take pity on us!"

"O my God! bless my children, and protect them;" added the countess, tearing herself from their arms.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Augusta and Gabrielle: but their mother had then fled with precipitation, as if to avoid their cries, which pierced her very soul.—Alas! she could hear them no more.

That evening, that night, and the next day, her daughters waited for her to no purpose; and the second night Gabrielle, still hoping that every step she heard might turn out to be that of her mother, not having ceased to watch the preceding

night, was quite exhausted with fatigue, and unconquerable sleep completely overpowered her. But, all at once, a confused noise awoke her.—She heard cries and shrieks.—She opens the window, and then perceived armed men surrounding the house which was opposite the one in which she lodged. In a moment after, she saw several persons carried away prisoners. The children screamed, and wished to follow their parents; but the inhuman guard repulsed them with savage barbarity.

"O poor children!" uttered Gabrielle, "how your screaming harrows up my very heart; for we also are without parents!"

The police-officers, having carried away their prey, a dreadful silence succeeded the tumult. Gabrielle, still at the window, raised her eyes, suffused with tears, towards the Supreme Being. She admired the brilliant stars which overspread the vault of heaven, and the moon whose pale

light diffused a melancholy darkness over the surrounding objects.

Something whispered internally to her—"Thy God watcheth over thee—banish all fear." She instantly fell on her knees, to adore her God. Augusta, who was asleep, but whose young heart had undergone some very painful impressions, sighed sorrowfully. Gabrielle shuddered; and, approaching her bed, gave her sister a kiss. "Sleep, my dear love; sleep," said she, "sleep soundly this night;—to-morrow we shall travel for Roseville cave—and—God knows where thou shalt rest thy head. Dearest papa! dearest mamma! where are you? Your daughter prepares to obey you."

She then wept. The consolation arising from a good conscience restored her soul to calmness, and a grateful sleep shut her eyelids, and banished from her mind the horrors of a situation, of which, though

young, she could foresee all the dangers. Next morning, after she had offered up a fervent prayer to her Creator, she prepared to obey the will of her dear mother. But, previously to her departure, she wrote the following short note, which she left lying on the table:—

"Dearest mamma, we have obeyed you, and pray God that we may be re-united to you and our papa."

Having put on their stays, which contained all their money, and disguised themselves in their peasants' dresses, Gabrielle and Augusta quitted their mean dwelling, and that great city which concealed innumerable crimes.

They walked a great part of the day without resting; but fatigue, at length, forced them to stop. They entered the first inn which presented itself to them, and requested a little broth. The landlady, looking at them with a degree of in-

terest, and astonished to find such pretty children alone, asked them, "from whence they came? where they were going? and why they were not under the protection of some one older than themselves?"

"We have lost our parents," replied Gabrielle; "and we are returning to our native village, where we expect to find a home and a protector."

"And where is your native village?"

"In Touraine."

"What!—How! Such children as you going there by yourselves, and on foot! Do you know it is sixty leagues from this?"

"We have no one to conduct us thither; and, unless we can find some cheap conveyance, we cannot travel otherwise."

"You must have a very small sum of money to undertake so long a journey in this manner?" said the hostess of the inn.

"O! we shall have enough, if we are economical," said Gabrielle.

"But how much may you have?" asked the hostess.

"Two assignats of a hundred sous each," said Gabrielle, colouring up, for she was telling a story; and though, in doing so, she was obeying her mother, who had charged her never to shew more money at once, she felt she had better been silent.

"Do you know the road then?" asked the hostess.

"No; but we shall enquire."

"Poor children!" continued the feeling landlady, "how I pity you!" And, pausing a moment, added—"Hear me, my dear children:—the carrier from Orleans always stops at my house; and I expect him this evening. I am sure that, on my recommendation, he will not refuse to take you as far as Orleans; then you will find some other conveyance by which you may get

forward to Tours. He is a good and an honest man. I have known him these ten years. I shall speak to him for you. Make yourselves quite easy about it."

Gabrielle returned many thanks for so much proffered kindness; and the good woman, having given them some dinner, persuaded them to go and rest themselves in the stable till the evening.—"I will let you know when Father* Thomas arrives,"—that was the carrier's name.

Gabrielle thanked her again; and, taking her sister by the hand, followed the maid-servant, who conducted them into the stable, and gave them some fresh straw to lie on.

"What!" said Augusta to her sister, when they were left alone, "are we to sleep here."

* *Le père*, or father; an homely familiar phrase, used universally in France, when one addresses one's self to the driver of a waggon or cart.—*Translator.*

"It must be so, my dear Augusta."

"My dear Gabrielle, cannot we ask for a bed?"

"Yes, my dear; but we must pay for it."

"And have we not money enough?"

"Yes—two assignats of a hundred sous each, which we have shown to our hostess. Should she understand that we possess more, she will suspect we have deceived her, and very likely have us taken up: then we shall be separated; and if papa and mamma should go to the cavern, they will not find us there:—and, besides, we should disobey our mamma, who has desired us to appear as poor as possible."

"My dear sister!" cried Augusta, sobbing, "do not say any thing about our being separated. I will obey you and mamma, and will always sleep on straw, if necessary, and never complain."

At that moment, a servant-girl came in:

they pretended to be fast asleep, and fatigue soon realized their fiction.

About nine o'clock, the hostess had them called up, to speak with the carrier. He was about fifty years of age. His manner, though uncouth and blunt, discovered the goodness of a heart to which Nature had been very bountiful.

"Well!" said he to the young ladies, "I hear you are orphans—your parents are just dead.—But why do you cry?—If they were good, they must be happy—you must not grieve—but—try to resemble them;—but, after all, where are you going?"

"Sir, we are going to Tours."

"To Tours!" said he.

"No—but very near."

"I am not going farther than Orleans. It is but half the way. But our good wife will find you some conveyance to forward you the other half. Will ye be good girls, if I take ye up on my cart?"

"Indeed, I am sure they will," replied the hostess; "and, more than that—you will do a very good action, Father Thomas."

"I cannot forget that I was left an orphan myself," replied he; "but, thank God! I have never wanted. And what would have become of me, if some one had not taken pity on me? Besides, Mrs. Le Blanc, we must always do as we wish to be done to. I have three children; and should it please God to call my poor Mary and me to *Him*, would I not wish some charitable soul to take pity on them? Well, my good little girls, it is all settled. Be ready to set off to-morrow morning at four o'clock," said he to Gabrielle and Augusta.

The hostess gave them their supper, and desired the maid-servant to conduct them back again to the stable.

"Pray, madam, before we go away, have

the goodness to pay yourself, out of this assignat, the expenses we have incurred," said Gabrielle.

"No—no, my good children, keep your money; you will most likely want it elsewhere, for in my house the rich pay for the poor;" adding, "take this piece of thirty sous, and remember in your prayers the hostess of the two doves, for that is my sign."

Gabrielle, abashed, refused the offering. The hostess, surprised at this refusal, looked stedfastly at her, and said—

"You are a very extraordinary child! Why dost thou refuse me? Is it pride? Your manner—your language—are much above your appearance. Who were your parents?"

A carriage entering the yard at that moment, the new guests gave so much occupation to M. le Blanc, that Gabrielle retired with her sister, not a little pleased

in having escaped so many embarrassing questions.

Next morning, about four o'clock, the carrier had them called up. They soon took their seats in the cart, and in a short time were out of sight of the benevolent M. le Blanc and her two doves. Gabrielle and her sister, at every inn at which the cart stopped on the road, made it a point to eat and drink with Father Thomas. They always slept in stables; but, even there, their sleep was sweet and refreshing. In three days' time, they arrived at Orleans. Father Thomas took them home to his wife, to whom, as far as he knew, he related their history.

"They are very good little girls," added he; "they are neither greedy nor talkative; they fear God; and I can prophesy that, if they continue to conduct themselves well, they will yet make their fortune."

"Whenever that happens," interrupted

Gabrielle, "I promise you I will not forget your kindness towards us."

"Yes! yes! child; but I'll engage you'll forget your promise: rich people have other things to do than to think of the poor; dress—the theatre—visits—parties of pleasure—gambling—and, in short, every amusement and dissipation which riches can procure—all these leave no opportunities to relieve the unfortunate; and then they are always so haughty and so proud, when they condescend to speak to us, that their manner spoils the finest speeches in the world."

"You are very much prejudiced against them," replied Gabrielle: "you surely have never met with any good beneficent and charitable, as those I have known."

"O! as for charitable, I have known some; but what is a kind action, if it be not done with delicacy? It is that which gives it merit; and, believe me, my dear

child, we are often so much humbled—our heart is so much depressed in accepting kindnesses from certain people, that there is no room left us for gratitude."

"But, Father Thomas, methinks that is a virtue which should never be dispensed with under any pretence whatever," said Gabrielle.

"Most assuredly, my dear child; yet it often happens so. As for me, I am well convinced we can never feel except for those misfortunes we have suffered ourselves," quoth the honest carrier. "It is for that reason," continued he, "beneficence is exercised with a better grace by persons who have only a middling competency, than by those who enjoy very large fortunes."

"I am not very well able to give my opinion on this matter; but, rich or poor, depend on it I will not forget you, Father Thomas," replied Gabrielle.

"Well, well! it is all very well, Mary," added he, calling to his wife; "is supper ready?" to which she answered by bringing it; and Gabrielle and Augusta instantly seated themselves at table with these good people.

Father Thomas's three children slept in one bed, and our little travellers in another. The next morning, as soon as honest Mary had prepared breakfast, she went out to enquire whether there were any boats or coaches about to return to Tours.

During her absence, Gabrielle wished to reimburse the carrier for the expenses she and her sister had incurred on the road, and which he had paid; at the same time offering him one of the assignats of a hundred sous.

He refused to accept it; and, to ease her mind, added, "The hostess of the two doves has arranged that matter with me already;—it is an affair between her and

me," continued he; "and the satisfaction I feel indemnifies me a hundred fold for what you call, 'my trouble.'"

Gabrielle, deeply affected by this speech, thanked him with much grace and sensibility for his kindness, and insisted on having at least his address, "in the hopes," she said, "of discharging her obligation to him, some day or other."

"When you have made your fortune, I suppose," replied he, smiling.

"Why not?" said she; "there is nothing impossible!"

"O no!" quoth Thomas, "and I sincerely hope it may so happen; but people who become unexpectedly rich, are generally prouder than those who have been born to wealth; the first become ashamed of their former condition, as well as of their parents: the only thing of which they are never ashamed is the servility by which they have acquired their fortune."

"I hope, good Father Thomas," said she, "to prove to you, that I shall never be ashamed of our obligations to you."

"I do not speak of you, my dear. There are still grateful hearts to be met with; but, in general, riches turn the head, and change the heart."

Gabrielle assured him she would never alter her mind; and, taking up a pen, she wrote, "*Thomas, rue de l'Egalité, No.* 1, *à Orleans.*"

When she had done, he looked at the writing: it was much finer than what he had ever seen.

"And you write almost as well as a lawyer," said he; "in truth, you are so polite, so gentle, and so pretty, that, if it was not for your dress, I should take you to be the child of some great lord."

"Do you think that my little sister and I have the same pride?" asked Gabrielle, smiling.

"O no!" quoth Thomas, in reply; "but then you are not rich, like them."

Honest Mary entered at this time, and informed the children, that one of her acquaintance had directed her to the master of a charcoal-barge, who was about to return to Saumur. But, as he intended stopping at Tours, he had offered to take the two children, on condition of receiving thirty sous, which she had promised him.

"You will have nothing to fear," said Mary to the children; "you will travel in his barge much more agreeable than in a waggon; and I can assure you that he is an honest good man: he sets off in an instant —come! come! make haste, my dears."

After having repeatedly thanked good old Thomas, they followed Mary to the quay, where Father Jerome (that was the name of the master of the charcoal-barge) received them into his boat. Mary then recommended her two protégées to Father

Jerome—gave them some bread and a piece of bacon—embraced them tenderly—wished a thousand blessings might attend them—and the boat was very soon out of sight.

The weather was fine. Father Jerome and his companions smoked, and never opened their mouths but to drink, to swear, or talk of the success of the Jacobins, and of liberty and equality. Their wishes for the destruction of the Royal Family and all the nobility, made the young ladies shudder.

"Would you not be very happy," said Father Jerome to them, "if all those rogues were guillotined?"

"We are too young, are my sister and I, to give an opinion upon such perilous affairs," replied Gabrielle.

"You are very right," rejoined Jerome, "but come, you must drink the health of the Jacobins;" and, saying so, he offered her a glass of brandy.

"I thank you—pray excuse me; I never drink strong liquors. Indeed, our mamma never allowed us to drink wine, unless mixed with water," said Gabrielle.

"Poh! poh! nonsense! the good woman is dead. She will know nothing about it—drink away."

Gabrielle shed tears at the idea of her mother's death, and again refused the offered glass.

"Zounds!" cried Jerome, "don't be ceremonious," at the same time draining off the liquor; "if you will not have it, upon my faith, 'tis so much the worse for you."

Augusta, alarmed, crept close up to her sister: every word Jerome uttered, whether it was directed to her or his companions, made her shudder.

Towards the evening, the weather changed. The heavens appeared as if on fire, and repeated lightnings foretold a storm, that soon burst forth with great vi-

olence. The poor children had nothing to shelter them from the rain. Gabrielle held Augusta in her arms, covered her with her own body, and addressed to Heaven the most fervent prayers.

"My dear sister," she would say to her, "take courage; we are going to the cavern; let us hope we shall find our dear parents there, and in their arms forget all we have suffered."

They were obliged to spend the night exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and to hear the dreadful discourses of Jerome and his companions. However, they bore their lot with much courage, buoyed up by the hope of soon meeting their parents.

The fifth day, about six o'clock in the morning, they perceived the summit of the rocks which partly covered the cavern of Roseville. Their hearts were dilated with joy; they gazed without speaking a word;

they embraced each other with great fervour, as the only means they could externally use to testify their love, affection, and gratitude; and, a very few moments after, Father Jerome landed them.

Gabrielle, having paid him the thirty sous, as agreed on, went into the town of Tours, to buy some provisions, and provide herself with a lantern and some wax-taper; after which, she and her sister took the road to the quarry.

The dread of being alone in the cavern distressed them; and both trembled, as much with fear as with the cold. They walked at a quick pace, believing every moment that they heard the noise of footsteps and voices: but this noise was only occasioned by Echo from the rocks, who repeated their words.

Having, at length, reached the clay-doors, Gabrielle lighted her taper to open them, and pursued her route—but—alas!

all here was silence; and the hope of seeing her parents soon fled from her heart. Being arrived at the rotunda, every thing was as they had left it. Passing on to the other apartments, the countess's dress and theirs, which they had put off on the day of their departure, were still laying on the bed.

"Ah!" exclaimed Gabrielle, her heart ready to break at this sight, "what is become of our dear mamma and papa? Are we then orphans?" said she, crying bitterly.

Poor Augusta threw herself into her sister's arms, and by her caresses, and even by her tears, softened her sorrow.

"We are safe here, my dear Gabrielle: God, who has brought us thither, will yet restore to us our parents."

"O yes! my dear Augusta, you are very right. Let us thank Him, and entreat him to protect them, and to give us the courage and resignation which we

want, to enable us to live without them; let us beg of him to watch over us."

After a short prayer, they felt themselves much more tranquil.

Gabrielle then made her sister change her clothes; for the rain, which had fallen very heavily the preceding night, had given them a violent cold. Taking up her dress, which was near that of her mamma, her father's portrait, which the countess had forgotten, or which, perhaps, she had purposely left in the cavern, because it was set in diamonds, fell at her feet. She eagerly seized it, and held it to her heart with inexpressible joy: with childish simplicity they both spoke to it; they kissed it ardently; and it brought back a smile on their lips, though their cheeks were still moistened with tears.

Gabrielle, having lighted a fire, prepared some breakfast; after which they went to bed, and felt happy when they thought of

the preceding nights. They both slept soundly till the next day; and, when they awoke, found themselves much better, though they had still about them the remains of a slight fever. Augusta was ordered by her sister to keep her bed the whole day; but a very few days were sufficient to re-establish them both in perfect health.

Amongst the valuables which had been brought to the cavern, were several clocks. Gabrielle wound them all up, in order to regulate their time, being determined to employ their hours usefully.

She recapitulated to herself all the lessons her mother had taught her, and communicated them to her sister, who thereby profited very much indeed.

The most perfect harmony reigned between them. Augusta loved her sister with all her heart, and obeyed her in every thing with pleasure; on the other hand, Ga-

brielle was sweetness itself, and condescending in the extreme.

They regularly went twice a week to the town; but then they wrapped themselves up in long mantles, such as the peasants wear, which covered them over from head to foot. They concealed their faces as much as possible, lest, by the frequency of these journeys, they might be known.

They regularly rose with the day, said their prayers, arranged their apartment; and then, for an hour or two, took a walk in the forest. On their return, they would breakfast, and then go to the rotunda, where they would practise by turns on the piano or harp. Geography was their next study, then drawing; and, to vary these more serious exercises, they would return to their instruments, which had always new charms for them. Needle-work filled up the remainder of their time till dinner, which was prepared by Gabrielle. After

dinner, when every thing was put away, Gabrielle would romp with little Augusta for an hour or so. Reading, writing, and embroidering, would employ their time for the remainder of the day. They would take another walk before the evening, and on their return prepare their supper; and for amusement read some agreeable and instructive tales till eight o'clock, when Gabrielle would say her prayers with great devotion, and read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures: and thus each day spent in the love of God, necessary and useful employment, with a happy conscience they would retire to rest, and the sleep which innocence is always blessed with, would soon seal their eyelids.

They never found time hang heavy on their hands: prevarication, fear, and punishment were unknown to them; and they formed no other wish beside that of seeing their parents.

They had lived about three months in this manner, in the cavern, when in one of those excursions which they frequently took to the city, they discerned at a small distance from the quarry, and very near the high road, a poor woman lying on the snow, and, to all appearance, lifeless.

The young ladies tried to bring her out of this insensibility; but their efforts were fruitless. Gabrielle then begged her sister to stay beside this poor woman, while she ran to the cavern for some wine and cake, and a smelling-bottle, which she hoped would restore animation. On her return, she first applied the smelling-bottle, the effects of which were very soon visible on the poor woman; whereupon Gabrielle gave her some of the wine, which completed what the spirits of salt had begun, and restored animation.

"Ah! my children, my poor children!"

exclaimed she, when sufficiently able to speak, "what will become of you?"

"Where are they?" asked Augusta.

"Alas! my dear young miss, in one of the rocks very near to this, but dying of cold and hunger."

"Make yourself easy, good woman," said Gabrielle, "and lean on us; we will conduct you to your home."

The poor woman raised herself with difficulty, and, supported by the two young ladies, endeavoured to regain her habitation. She related to them, sobbing, that her husband had been dead a month, after a lingering illness, during which she had been obliged to sell even her beds, and the very clothes of her children. She had also been obliged, the preceding year, to borrow money on her little dwelling, hoping to be able to repay the same with a sum that was due to her. Her debtor had died insolvent; and the person to whom she mort-

gaged that property, which was all her fortune, insisted with importunity upon its being given up to him, the term having expired for which he had lent the money.

"I went this morning," continued she, "two leagues from hence, to solicit some assistance from a lady whom I had served before my marriage; but unfortunately she has been arrested. My children having had nothing to eat these two days, I was impelled, through dire necessity, to hold out my hand, and beg a sous from some travellers, who were passing in a post-chaise. The horses, naturally timid, though going very slowly, started suddenly; and the wheel of the carriage threw me down where you found me lying."

Tears of compassion flowed from the eyes of the two sisters; but their emotion was greater, when they entered the habitation of the unfortunate woman whom they led along. Nine children lying on the

ground, and almost dying with cold and hunger! Such was the sight Gabrielle and Augusta first beheld, on walking into this poor woman's cottage.

Gabrielle hastened to distribute among these poor children the remainder of the bread and the wine she had brought for their mother; then, making a sign to her sister, instantly disappeared, but soon returned with as much provisions as they could carry. This was a very happy day for our young ladies; for they had the pleasure of drying up the tears of this poor family.

"How much is it you owe?" enquired Gabrielle.

"Thirty crowns for our vineyard, and ten to the baker, who will no longer furnish us with bread."

"I have only ten crowns in my purse," replied Gabrielle; "but, with it, go and

buy wood to warm your family; and put your trust in God."

"How can I want confidence in Him," said the poor woman, quite moved, "since He has sent two such angels as you.—May he bless and preserve you!

"We thank you, good woman," said Gabrielle; "but, before we go, may we enquire your name?"

"Margaret Dubu—at your service, miss."

"Well, Margaret, do not make yourself uneasy; we will return, and see you soon."

They left the cottage of this poor woman with joy and that inexpressible feeling which the soul always experiences after the performance of a good action.

"How happy we are!" said Gabrielle, entering the cavern; "we want for nothing—we have even superfluities; and these

poor children were without bread, and laying, almost naked, on the cold ground, in this severe weather. Good God! I think I see them yet."

"How lucky it is we went out this afternoon," rejoined Augusta. "Poor little creatures, they have now bread, which they are eating with a good appetite."

"And they are with their mother," added poor Gabrielle, crying.

Augusta, throwing her pretty little arms round her sister's neck, "Do not fret," said she; "for if God grant that our papa and mamma should return to us, I am very sure they will approve our conduct toward this unfortunate Margaret."

"Most assuredly, my dear Augusta: to relieve the poor is a precept mamma has always practised herself.—How many times she has taken me with her into cottages, where she brought comforts for the distressed. I have often witnessed the

tears of compassion she would shed over their miseries, and the blessings with which these good people would repay her kindness. I intend this day giving the poor woman two hundred francs,* which will be sufficient, I believe, to rescue her and her poor children from wretchedness and despair. Poor Margaret will be able to pay her debts, and purchase the necessaries of life for her poor family, till she can find some employment for the support of her children."

"Then I hope we shall go and see her to-morrow," replied Augusta.

"O yes, my dear sister, and very early, that she may pay her creditors as soon as possible. Since we are able to rescue her from the dreadful misery she is plunged in, we must not delay one moment.—Indeed, we should go this evening, were it not too late for her to do any thing

* About £8 sterling.

with it. Let us thank God for giving us an opportunity of doing a good action, and let us go to bed."

The most agreeable dreams embellished their slumbers: they saw their father and mother in their dreams, and awoke with the hope of very soon seeing their vision realized.

They arose with the dawn of day, and came forth from the cavern dazzled with happiness. They directed their steps towards Margaret's habitation, which might also be called a cavern, for it consisted of three rooms hued out of the rock; the entrance was obstructed by the snow, which was falling in great flakes: the trees, the vines, as well as the summit of the rock, were covered with it; the cold was intense; the wind blew with violence; and the wretched family they had come to see were without fire, without a bed, and without clothes! The door was only on

the latch: they opened it, and went softly in as far as the second chamber. Poor Margaret was in the third, at prayers with her family. The young ladies kept at a distance without being perceived, and waited till prayers were ended.

"My children," said Margaret, "let us thank God for the succour which hath been brought us by the hands of those young ladies, and pray that He may bless them, and preserve to them their mother, as he has preserved your's to you."

The young ladies, hearing these words, fell on their knees, and joined their prayers to those of this indigent family.

The good Margaret, having ended her devotions, went into the second chamber; and then it was she perceived the young ladies.

"O! come," said she to them; "come, my dear young ladies, enjoy the fruits of

your bounty and our gratitude. My children have bread to-day; it is to you they are indebted for it.

"No! no!" replied Gabrielle; "God has enabled us to relieve you: it is He to whom you owe your gratitude. But we have come to talk over your affairs: what are your intentions, Margaret?"

"Alas! my young misses, my intentions are, to put my creditor in possession of my vineyard, and to beg of him that he will allow me, at least for the winter, the use of the cottage to shelter us. I shall go and pay the baker with part of the money you have had the goodness to give me. I hope he will not refuse to furnish me with bread till I have employment for myself and my two elder daughters, who are both able to work in the vineyard of our farmers: unfortunately, the season is so severe, that there is not a blade of grass to be seen in the fields: the cattle

cannot go out, and we are without occupation."

"Take this," said Gabrielle, giving her an assignat for two hundred livres; "pay your creditor, and continue in possession of your vineyard, whose produce will retrieve your fortune:—pay your baker, and buy beds, fire-wood, and clothes for yourself and family. I hope you will yet be able to find work as you wish."

Poor Margaret was struck dumb with astonishment; but all on a sudden, calling her children, she said to them: "Throw yourselves with me at the feet of these two angels, who, yesterday, saved your mother's life, and gave you bread, and this day have drawn you out of the most dreadful misery, to put you in possession of your inheritance."

"O my God!" continued she, "bless these sweet creatures; bless their parents; let them be happy."

"Rise, Margaret," exclaimed Gabrielle, her eyes bathed in tears; "it is God alone you must thank."

"Yes, miss, I will thank God and you; I will pray Him every day of my life to bless you—

"And papa and mamma," interrupted Augusta, wiping away the tears which flowed down her cheeks.

"Where is she? that I may go and fall at her feet to thank her.——Tell me, my dear young ladies, tell me your name, that I may engrave it on my childrens' hearts, as it will be on mine?"

"Hear me," replied Gabrielle: "what we have done for you is but a trifle; but, if you think you owe us any gratitude, the only proof I require of it is, that you will never ask us about our parents, and especially never to speak to any one of the services we have rendered you: very powerful motivs oblige us to be silent on

this matter; but, believe me, as soon as I am permitted to inform you who we are, I will do so with great pleasure."

"I think I can understand you, my dear young ladies; you are of those whom the present government has proscribed; you belong to a noble family; may Heaven protect and watch over you; hide yourselves well; do not expose yourselves; I will sacrifice my life to save you from the least danger; I entreat you to command my services, if I can serve you in any way.—We are poor—which is as much as to say—we hardly know any one.—We are almost always alone—employ me with confidence—my devotion will be without bounds, as well as my gratitude—you may rely on my secrecy."

"I thank you," replied Gabrielle; "neither I nor my sister can, at this moment, accept your offers, which I believe per-

fectly sincere; but we will often come and see you."

Poor Margaret eagerly supplicated them to keep their promise: she renewed her thanks, and the two sisters returned to the cavern even more pleased than on the preceding day.

The remembrance of a good action is so sweet, and the soul enjoys it with so much felicity, that she is happy even a long time after the performance of it; for of all the pleasures she can receive, that of beneficence is the only one she can enjoy the longest without being sated; and these amiable young ladies, far from being inflated with pride at having been useful to this poor family, thanked Providence for having chosen them in preference to many others, who would have been proud to enjoy the same happiness.

The cold becoming excessive, and as there were no apertures about the cavern

by which the smoke might issue, they lighted a charcoal-fire, in one of the remote apartments: but not being able to endure the smell of the burning charcoal, which is pernicious to the constitution, Gabrielle heated some bricks, which she and her sister applied to their feet in the rotunda, to keep them warm. In this manner they were able to withstand the cold, and could work comfortably.

In the morning, wrapped up in their mantles, they would traverse the most solitary places of the forest, and climb the rocks, by which exercise they preserved their health, and strengthened their constitution.

By their dress they avoided all suspicion, and shunned with all possible care to encounter any one in these excursions. Sometimes in the afternoon they would ramble as far as Margaret Dubu's.

This poor woman had placed her two elder daughters with neighbouring farm-

ers, in whose families they lived, and every week brought the fruit of their labour to their mother; which, added to the produce of the flax Margaret spun for the farmers' wives, and the money she received from Gabrielle and Augusta for their washing, was sufficient to maintain herself and numerous family; and her children were well fed, decently clothed, and had comfortable beds to sleep on.

This poor woman had no longer any debts—she was happy. Her gratitude to the two young ladies was so great and ingenuous, that they began at length to confide in her, and would often spend an hour or two with her children, whom they taught to read and write, and even to work. This was an amusement for Gabrielle and Augusta; and this amusement was again a benefit to them.

When the soft breezes of spring had chased the winter's frost away, they ceased

going to Margaret's rocky habitation during the forenoon, lest they might meet some inquisitive persons on the road; but her residence then usually became the boundary of their morning's walk.

Margaret's grotto now no longer offered to their eyes the dull, the mournful aspect of misery. A charming verdure surrounded it: violets, lilies of the valley, the sweet hawthorn surrounded it.—The trees were adorned with blossoms—a goat broused along the hedge—near it a hen, scratching the ground, chucked her brood to their morning's fare—the children were working at the vineyard, or, in their little garden, gathering flowers, and making garlands.—Their mother, seated under a bower of honey-suckle by the door, and spinning with her distaff, would chant or sing the following old romance, to the tune of the gentle Troubadours:—

When the princes of Christendom first did combine,
With the Cross for their banner, to redeem Palestine
From Mahometan slavery, true love was found:
As flows a stream the flow'ry mead around;
So lovers spent their days in mutual bliss,
In pleasure, peace, and happiness——
That age of gallantry, alas! hath gone,
When valour for a fair one shone.

Young Paul was brave, and Sophia he lov'd;
Their hearts were one in friendship join'd—
Though Fortune denied them her specious joys,
Their love, without envy, knew yet no alloys.
And say, ye deluded! is he the more happy,
Who bows at her shrine, a groveling votary?
Paul's sire, alas! opposed his vows
To Sophia! for whom his ardent heart glows.

To the camp, by his king, Paul is call'd away;
A summons his breast pants hard to obey.
"Adieu—dearest love! be thou faithful to me;
"Ere long I'll return, and be worthy of thee."
To love one's mistress, and to serve one's king,
Their meed of praise and honour then did bring.—
But that age of gallantry hath gone,
When valour for a fair one shone.

" Adieu—dearest Paul! be thou happy in war;
" Sad as a widow, for thee I'll remain——
" Return, and my hand from my father obtain:
" Then the prime of our days no sorrow shall mar:
" But ah! if I lose thee, 'tis here I shall fall,
" Lamenting thy fate, my dearly lov'd Paul."
Sophia's sire, alas! opposed her vows
To Paul! for whom her bosom warmly glows.

Then on his breast Paul pressed his love,
And from her hand received his shield.
To hide his grief, he vainly strove,
To sorrow's throbs his heart did yield:
But brief to check the starting tear,
He mounts his steed—" Adieu, my dear!"
Were Paul's last words,—
His last adieu.

In dangers Paul saw but Sophia before him:
He hop'd by his deeds to have call'd her is own:
He fought only for her, his king, and his country.
When cover'd with laurels, and crowned with glory,
He fell, and expired without utt'ring a groan.—
It is thus that all warriors ought to die.
Adieu, thou brave and gallant Paul!
Sophia mourns thine early fall.

What then couldst thou do, thou adorable maid?
Cruel hope had deceived thine innocent heart:
Thou pray'dst for success to follow his arms.
"Paul!" thou didst say, "will return yet victorious."
Alas! thou didst count on a baseless enjoyment;
He will ne'er return to bless thy fond breast.
Mourn on, luckless maid!
Ah! weep thou his fate!

Paul is no more! yet the tender Sophia
Looks for him, aye, from the top of the hill:
In hopes that each night he'll appear in the plain,
She wearies out Echo with Paul's dearest name!
But Echo is deaf to her sighs and her moans:
Paul is no more! O! cease thy lament.—
Cease, dearest Sophia!
To grieve and complain!

While two years sped their fleet-wing'd course,
She ceaseless pray'd for Paul's return:
Then her heart giving way to grief and despair,
As the lily that droops 'neath the hot-parching sun,
So Sophia did fade! so this sweet maid did die!
But death their spirits hath united
In Paradise to dwell,
Nor woes nor sorrows more to feel!

This interesting family appeared to have revived with nature; peace and plenty crowned their days; these they owed to the young ladies, and them the children of Margaret Dubu adored.

When the youngest Dubu would perceive Gabrielle and Augusta ascend the hill, he would run with a joyful countenance, and announce the arrival of "the good young ladies;" for it was thus the whole family called them. Then Margaret would hasten to milk her goat, and visit the hen-roost—to offer some new milk and fresh eggs to her young benefactress. The little girls would present them with the nicest garlands—the boys with wood-pigeons or young rabbits.

They would receive these presents with so much grace and condescension, that they were thought by the givers far more valuable than they really were;—an idea, which, having once seized their attention,

gave them a happiness they could not otherwise have enjoyed.

The finest fruits of the wood, and the richest grapes, were also chosen for "the good young ladies," who, some days after, never failed to make useful presents to the family; and, in this way, they repaid the kindness of the Dubus', without ever once humbling them.

One day good Margaret informed them, that the tyrant of their country, the infamous Robespierre, and his accomplices, had, at last, undergone the punishment due to their crimes. Gabrielle and Augusta, thinking they were the only tyrants France had to dread, and ignorant of the blood which had been spilt, and believing their parents still in prison, rejoiced at this news. Deceitful Hope, with her magic mirror, now represented to them a speedy union with their father and mother; but days, months, and even years, fled away

without bringing any alteration in their fate. Gabrielle thus attained her eighteenth year.—She was tall and well-built: the lightness of her steps, and the dignity of her gait were very remarkable. Always wrapped up in her long mantle, her sweet physiognomy, where the purity and sensibility of her fine mind were depicted, was scarcely ever visible. Her complexion was the lily and the rose. At the slightest emotion the latter domineered, and embellished the finest eyes in the world;—all her motions were graceful, and a kind of melancholy, which diffused itself over her features, gave them an inexpressible charm.

The perseverance with which she had followed the last instructions of her mother,—her assiduity in bringing to maturity the talents her beloved mother had, as it were, only bound like the tendril to the vine,—the education of Augusta, now

well instructed, and endowed with many elegant accomplishments, sufficiently characterised the sweet and interesting Gabrielle.

Augusta, bigger than common at twelve years of age, was a beauty less regular than her sister, but not less agreeable. Her alabaster complexion, her fine head of hair, a round visage, large black eyes full of expression, her little mouth, embellished with roses, and on which sat a perpetual smile, the finest teeth in the world, a nose *à la Roxelane*, an easy gait, natural graces, ingenuity, candour, a charming modesty,—such was Augusta; sweetness and complaisance formed her character. Her sister was her model; her desire of resembling and pleasing her, made Augusta conquer the unavoidable difficulties which she encountered in her studies—a kiss was her sweetest recompence!

Passion, impatience, obstinacy, jealousy, and the desire of governing, were alike unknown in the Cavern of Roseville. These charming sisters feared God, and, persuaded, as they had been, by what their mother said to them, that His eyes were always on them, that He alone could protect them, and restore their parents to them, they conducted themselves with wisdom, fulfilling all their duties, occupying themselves without ceasing, and, by the rational employment with which they filled up their hours, they had no leisure left for idleness or folly, and were always satisfied with themselves.

Notwithstanding the confidence which they had in Margaret, they were so discreet, that this good woman knew neither their residence nor their name. At this time some labourers having come to work in the quarry, our young heroines were afraid that the curiosity of these people

might lead them to discover their retreat; and, as egress by the clay doors adjacent to the quarry was not sufficiently safe, they resolved to go abroad in future by the entrance from the lime-kilns, though it would cause a considerable detour in walking to Margaret's habitation.

One evening, as they were returning from this good woman's, who had been rather indisposed,—it was then about seven o'clock in the evening of a fine day in August, and the heat had been excessive all day,—Augusta begged Gabrielle to remain a little longer in the forest, to enjoy the cool of the evening.

"I will," replied Gabrielle; "but I fear a storm—let us not stray far from home."

They were amusing themselves in gathering wild flowers to make garlands: All of a sudden flashes of lightning, followed by a heavy clap of thunder, which made the forest echo, so frightened Augusta,

that she cried after her sister, who was only a few steps from her—

"O! my dear sister; pray let us go home as fast as possible."

But other claps of thunder having succeeded the first, they both ran to the cavern, without knowing that they had been observed by an elderly gentleman, who had been sitting reading under a large tree, above the lime-kilns, and who, at first, had been perusing attentively a book which interested him much, but who lost nothing of their conversation for the last twenty minutes.

He had not the least doubt that they lived in the lime-kilns; and, curious to know their habitation, he came down from the rock, and walked over that part of the cavern opposite the one they inhabited, without finding any thing but a pocket-handkerchief they had dropped at the entrance to the lime-kilns.

Not finding any other outlet than the one by which he had entered, the stranger returned to his home, quite occupied with the idea of the young fugitives. They might have been taken for peasants, had he judged by their dress; but the few words he had heard them utter, were pronounced so differently, and the handkerchief they had let fall was of so fine a cambric, that it was very improbable it could belong to any poor villagers.

How they could inhabit under this rock! was a mystery he could not fathom.

Mons. D'Argenss (such was the stranger's name) had a nephew, then twenty years old, whom he loved as if he had been his own son. To him, on his arrival at home, he related his adventure.

The curiosity of young Eugene D'Argenss was excited by his uncle's recital; and he persuaded the old gentleman, next morning, to go and hunt in the forest. They

directed their steps towards the rocks, they entered into the lime-kilns, and both searched a long time without discovering any thing to induce a belief that they were inhabited. They came out in a short time, and then perceived the two young ladies, who were returning from the good Margaret.

Not wishing to be seen, the two gentlemen, unperceived, watched them, at a distance, and saw them enter, as the day before.

"I must," said Eugene, "penetrate this mystery—they are certainly not alone—this cavern appears very large—to whom can it serve as a refuge?"

"To some unfortunates," replied Mons. D'Argenss. "It must be to some very wretched beings, surely; for we have never heard of any robberies in this part of the forest, though very lonesome and bushy. At all events we must be prudent."

" Well, my dear uncle, I have just been thinking I might be able to find out this mystery in twenty-four hours."

" How so," said the old gentleman.

" I will come hither to-morrow morning, at break of day," said Eugene, " and probably I shall see them come out, and shall follow them without being perceived; then I shall find out where they go to, and whether they really live in this cavern."

" O ! yes, I fancy you will!" ironically, said the old man; " but I will accompany you myself."

The day following, at half past four in the morning, Mons. D'Argenss not yet having risen, his nephew, not wishing to disturb his uncle, took his gun, and set out alone, to make his observations on the inhabitants of the cavern.

Before six o'clock, Gabrielle and Augusta were already out walking along the rocks; after which they went to the town,

to buy some provisions, and called on Margaret as they came back; and then returned to the cavern about eight o'clock.

Eugene, having followed, without daring to approach them, waited some time after they had entered the lime-kilns, hoping they might come out again, and he should be enabled to speak to them. But, fatigued with waiting so long to no purpose, he began to feel the appetite given him by this morning's excursion, and returned to his uncle, to whom he related all he had learned, and proposed to take flambeaux and arms, to make a strict search in every part of the cavern.

"The provisions which they have bought," continued he, "are so trifling, they cannot be sufficient for more than two or three people. I met them as by chance: they were wrapped up in their mantles, which is very unusual this hot weather, and they seemed extremely fearful of being

seen; though, as far as I can judge, their manners are not those of common people, and they are extremely pretty. They interest me beyond expression!"

"How! because they are pretty?" asked his uncle, smiling.

"No! my dear uncle; but because their asylum bespeaks a mystery, which excites my curiosity, and prejudices me greatly in their favour. If they are unhappy, we may be fortunate enough to render them some service, and"——

"But we must breakfast first," interrupted M. D'Argenss; "after which, if you like, we shall go to the cottage, where you saw them go in this morning. We can enquire of the inhabitants if they know them; and from thence we can go to the cavern."

"That will do," replied Eugene: and, as soon as they had breakfasted, both, equipped in their hunting-dresses, and

well armed, set off for the cottage of poor Margaret.

They questioned her concerning the two young peasants, who had been with her in the morning.

The poor woman, fearing to expose her young benefactress, hesitating and embarrassed, answered in a way that excited their curiosity still more.

"But!" said M. D'Argenss, casting his keen eye on the linen she was ironing, "do not these handkerchiefs belong to them?"

"Yes, sir," said she, shuddering at the reply his peremptory question forced from her.

These handkerchiefs were marked G. R. surmounted by a crown, and were exactly similar to the one he had found, which was a strong proof they could not belong to peasants. Then he questioned poor Margaret so adroitly, and inspired her

with so much confidence, that she related to him all the obligations she was under to these good young ladies for six years.

"I am very sure," added she, "it is impossible for any one to harbour the idea of doing harm to these sweet angels."

"Most assuredly!" replied M. D'Argenss, "that is not my intention. I am proprietor of Roseville: and you may assure them, that if I have any desire to become acquainted with them, it is that I may offer them my services. But do not you really know their names, or their abode?"

"No, indeed, sir. The elder of these young ladies forbade me ever to question her on that subject; and, though she is extremely good to me, and familiar with my children, whom she teaches to read, write, and work, and honours me with her visits almost every day, particularly when I am ill,—you cannot believe, sir, the

attention and care she has shewn me,—notwithstanding, I have never dared to ask her name or the place of her residence, because she once forbad it. Yet I can see they are separated from their parents. But I believe they are alive; for they have frequently besought me to pray to God to preserve them."

"All that you say respecting these charming young ladies interests me greatly," said the old gentleman; "and I thank you for the information."

He then offered her some pieces of money, which honest Margaret respectfully refused.

"Thank God!" said she to him, "since these good young ladies have preserved my life, and rescued my family from the horrible misery it was plunged in, every thing has prospered with me; and they have been so very kind to me, that we want for nothing at present; and I should

be very sorry to take what belongs to the poor."

M. D'Argenss, on retiring, promised to return and see her, quite enchanted with the relation he had just heard concerning the two sisters, and Margaret's delicacy.

The curiosity of the uncle and nephew to discover this mystery was now of a piece. They set off for the cavern, and walked through it, as far as it was penetrable, for half an hour, with as little success as the preceding day.

The cavern, as we have already observed, was about one league in length. The two sisters inhabited the centre of it; and Messrs. D'Argenss had nearly surveyed the whole without discovering any issue.

Just as they were about to abandon their research, and return back, they perceived a passage, so extremely dark, that it would have been impossible to find it out, but by the light of their flambeaux.

Some of the wild flowers, which Augusta had gathered two days before, and which she had let fall by chance, were scattered about, and traced a kind of foot-path. Eugene, observing very attentively with his light the wall, near which he had picked up the last of these flowers, then discovered the frame of one of the clay-doors, and soon after the spring which fastened it.

Having opened it, he pushed through a long corridor, as dark as the first; and it was only by a very minute search that he succeeded in discovering the other doors. He continued his route, and soon found himself near the fountain, newly surrounded with flowers.

The frightened birds fled at the sight of these two hunters, and perched themselves on the pillars of the grotto.

After having admired this pretty aviary, which indicated the innocent pleasures

of the inhabitants of the cavern, Messrs. D'Argenss continued their researches, and reached some of the other apartments without meeting either of the young ladies.

Furniture, some of it very plain, and others of it exquisitely wrought, and of great value, formed such a contrast, as quite astonished them: it was arranged with much order and admirable neatness. A frame lay on a table, on which one would have thought the fairies had embroidered with hair the initials A. G. R. These letters were intermixed, and surrounded a wreath of heart's-ease.

The sound of a harp then harmoniously striking their ears, they directed their steps towards the rotunda, and soon distinguished two melodious voices that were singing a duet.

Having advanced a little further, they now perceived Gabrielle, accompanying

herself with her harp, and Augusta with her piano.

They were no longer two peasants covered with coarse mantles, and carrying from the town the necessaries of life;—they were dressed in muslin dresses;—their fine long hair was partly bound up in tortoise-shell combs, and partly fell back in waving ringlets on their necks;—they had no resemblance to a pair of Grecian beauties;—to neither Diana nor Venus—but to Virtue and to Innocence!

A rose-tree was placed between them, and rose-leaves, scattered on their dress and on the carpet, indicated their innocent pleasures, and all the contention which ever took place in the cavern.

A book-case, a piano, a harp, globes, maps, and music-books, garnished this delightful study, which appeared really enchanting to the eyes of the two gentlemen,

who, at the door, stood immoveable, struck with admiration, and scarcely ventured to breathe, lest they might disturb and terrify these lovely musicians.

The duet being finished, Augusta, with her usual playfulness, picked up the rose-leaves, which were still on her clothes, and threw them, laughing, at her sister.

Gabrielle was just rising. "You have not yet finished, my dear sister," said Augusta, making her sit down again. "Now for your romance! You know you have promised to play it to me every time you were pleased with me—your romance, my dear sister, pray."

Gabrielle kissed her, smiled, and, taking up her harp, sung the following words:—

Beneath these sombre rocks, in midst this lonely den!
My accents marr'd with sighs, to Heav'n I raise, in bless'd
Tranquillity, that knows not fear nor dire remorse:
Far from our parents sever'd! Happy can we be?

As an orphan, defenceless, the dawn of my life
Is not cheer'd by the sunshine of hope or of bliss;
The flower of my days will soon wither and fade,
For sighs and suspense have dried up my heart!

O my loved parents! O tender my mother!
Shall I languish for aye at a distance from you!
HathHeav'n drawn the curtain o'er your mortal career?
Are ye hid in the cold earth, as poor hapless we?

O thou! by whose care our childhood's been guided,
O thou! who hast giv'n to us parents so tender,
O thou! who art mov'd by the tears of innocence,
Great God! save our parents! O give them their daughters.

And thou, my dear sister, my babe and my friend!
My troubles in sharing, thou hast learned to sooth!
To love thee through life shall be my chief good;
Without thee, my Augusta! I should have but to die!

Augusta was very greatly agitated. Her cheeks weredeluged with tears.—She stood at some distance from her sister.—Her hands clasped.—She was rivetted to the ground, in the attitude her sympathies had

thrown her into ; and the romance being finished, she sprung to fling herself into the arms of Gabrielle,—but, in advancing, she saw near the door the two strangers, leaning on their fowling-pieces.

She screamed with terror, and fell down, fainting at the feet of her sister.

M. D'Argenss tried to apologize for his indiscreet curiosity; but Gabrielle, alarmed at the fainting of Augusta, saw no one but her sister, and did not then know any one spoke to her.

In the mean time, Eugene ran to the fountain, and brought some water, which he persuaded them both to take, and which soon brought them to their senses.

The kind of interest which they remarked on the face of the two strangers, convinced them they had nothing to fear. They even hoped that they were bringing them some information respecting their parents, and were just going to enquire,

when M. D'Argenss, extremely moved, and his eyes fixed on the miniature suspended round Gabrielle's neck, prevented her speaking aloud, by asking—

"Is not that miniature the picture of Count Augustus Roseville?"

"Yes, sir! but why this question?" said Gabrielle.

"And you are his daughters!" added he, with the most lively emotion.

"Yes, sir."

"O! my dear nieces! is it possible I have the happiness of meeting with you!"

"Know!" said he, "that I am Henry Melval!" kissing them.

"Our papa's brother!" cried both; "then you bring us some tidings of him?"

"Alas!—no, my dear child; he has been proscribed as well as your mother," replied he. "I have made every possible enquiry respecting the place of their exile; but hitherto I have not been successful.

But how is it that you should have dwelt so near me, and never have heard of the researches I have caused to be made to find you out? Are you alone here? How is it that this cavern has been furnished as I see it? How do you live in it?"

Gabrielle then, relieved from all surprise and embarrassment, related to her uncle how her father had discovered it, and how he had prepared it for his family; and all her adventures from the moment he had been arrested.

M. D'Argenss admired them both. He could not comprehend how so much courage and wisdom could belong to females so young; and their self-taught learning and accomplishments astonished him still more. He thanked Providence for the protection shewn them.—He could not help kissing their hands, and gazing on them with raptures.

Eugene also admired his lovely cousins,

and seemed to fear he should lose any of their words.

Gabrielle, having finished her recital, enquired of M. D'Argenss, how he had been able to penetrate as far as their retreat?

"It is but right, my dear child," said he, "that I should relate to you all my adventures, though they are not so honourable as yours, to my reputation. It is not probable your father, my brother, has ever related to you the cause of my exile; and to make you comprehend a part of my misfortunes, it is necessary I should inform you of different circumstances that led to them, but which I shall abridge as much as possible.

"Your father and I were the sons and sole offspring of Count Melval. We always loved each other like good brothers, though no two tempers were ever more different. Augustus, some years younger than I, was

naturally mild, serious, and steady. His fine soul was the temple of all the virtues. He was beloved, admired, and esteemed by every one. My mother loved him, but much less than me. Unfortunately, I was naturally hasty and passionate, nor could I brook the least contradiction.

"My mother, whose favourite I was, only laughed at my little foibles and fretfulness, when I was a child, and would have every one give up to my caprices. Far from punishing or correcting me, she would encourage my faults; and, when I was grown up, I had the misfortune to lose her. My tutors then employed rigour and very severe chastisement, to conquer the violence of my temper; but their treatment produced no other effect than to augment the irritability of my disposition.

"What difficulties and troubles this violence of temper has since occasioned me! What a school misfortune is! Without,

however, saying much about the first years of my life, after I attained the age of manhood, I shall only speak of those that followed my first entrance into the world.

"I was twenty-five years old, when my father, by an order of the king, who wished to reward his services, settled my marriage with the daughter of one of his majesty's ministers. The birth of this young lady, her virtues, her education, her fortune, and her father's rank, must have fulfilled all my wishes.—I must have been blessed, if happiness was to be found on earth. In eight days she was to have been my spouse, when Fortune, or rather my violent disposition, overturned all my father's projects respecting this family alliance, and for ever separated me from the beautiful Gabrielle."

The two sisters looked at each other with astonishment.

"I can conceive your surprise," continued he; "but do not interrupt me?

"I was one evening at the Prince of Rohen's, where they played high. I lost a considerable sum, which was partly won by Gabrielle's brother. He joked, perhaps, rather too much with me, on my ill-luck. My passion rising, as usual, I retorted very sharply; so much so, that the next morning, at six o'clock, he waited on me to demand an explanation. I arose —we fought—and I had the misfortune to plunge my sword in his breast! I instantly sent some persons I met to his aid.—I fled to my father, and, wild with despair, rushed into his apartment, and briefly related what had happened.

"My father, no less violent than myself, and who founded the happiness of his life, his fortune, and that of his children, on a match so honourable to him, furious at seeing, in one unlucky

hour, all his hopes blasted, besides terrified at the consequences of this duel,—of the king's displeasure, and his own inevitable disgrace,—loaded me with reproaches, and banished me from his presence; imprecating, from Heaven, all a father's maledictions on my unfortunate head.

"My brother, my tender and indulgent Augustus, was absent.—I was without money, and, thinking mournfully whither I should flee, when the police spared me the trouble of reflecting any longer about my fate. They shewed me a *lettre-de-cachet*, and conducted me to the state-prison of Mount St. Michael, where I remained three months. Fortunately my antagonist was not dead. He recovered of his wound; and, with the most noble generosity, owned that he had been the first aggressor. But his sister declared, after this event, that the violence of my temper frightened her; that she was cer-

tain of being unhappy with me, and never would consent to marry me.

" My father then proposed my brother Augustus, whose amiable disposition was universally known.—He was accepted in my stead.—The marriage was concluded. —I was liberated from prison, and the father of Gabrielle obtained for me the command of a regiment.

" My father, however, would never consent to see me, though Augustus assured me he harboured not the least resentment against me.

" After I joined my regiment, I had many other quarrels with my officers. I fought frequently.—I contracted large debts, which my father would only liquidate on the express condition that I should set off for America without delay.

" I obeyed—various misfortunes befel me—I shall not mention them now ; suffice it to say, they were always produced

by the violence of my disposition. I married, some time after my arrival in that country, and without my father's consent, a very rich heiress, whose fortune was the least advantage I gained by this match.

"Appoline, that was her name, was endowed with every virtue, and she possessed a sweetness of temper that triumphed over the violence of mine. In fine, she brought me to the sobriety of reason, and to complacency of heart and soul.

"Unfortunately, my Appoline, although immensely rich, and accomplished by the very excellent education she had received, enjoyed not the good fortune of being graced with a title, my father's idol; in consequence of which, he would never pardon me for having married beneath my birth.

"After an union of twenty-four years, the happiest and most perfect that Heaven ever formed, an epidemic fever carried

off my five children; and my tender Appoline, who had just lost her brother by the same malady, unable to resist so many grievous losses, expired on the body of her youngest child, recommending to me, with her last breath, this young man, Eugene, the son of her brother, who had been my most intimate friend.

" I remained some time in that kind of stupor which made me desire not to survive long the fate of so many—so dearly beloved objects; but Heaven spared my life, to expiate, by tears and sorrows, the faults of my youth.

" Unable to spend the remainder of my days in a country which had at once yielded me so much happiness, and caused me so much sorrow, I sold my estates, which were considerable, and transferred my property into the hands of my father's banker in France.

" I then embarked with my nephew,

and, after a voyage of six weeks, I landed in my native country. I was in hopes I should have seen my father, and expected, through the intercession of my brother and most intimate friends, to gain his pardon, before I should have ventured to present myself before him. I assumed the name of my wife's brother, which is the one I am now known by.

"Judge of my sorrow, my dear children, when I learned that my father had been guillotined—that your parents had been exiled: there remained to me not a single friend—not one of all my acquaintance.

"I was possessed of a great fortune; consequently I was suspected, and very soon arrested.

"Eugene also shared my fate.

"We looked for death every day.—I even wished for it as the end of all my misfortunes, and the re-union of my spirit with that of my amiable Appoline. I

hoped that the mercy of my God had already forgiven me. I was resigned; and, during the four months I remained in prison, I was daily preparing myself for the moment that would give me fellowship with my wife and childrens' spirits.

"At last my name appeared upon the fatal list. I was called up, and condemned by an infamous tribunal, as an emigrant, or rather as a man of fortune. I descended from this iniquitous judgment-hall with the other victims. We had our hair cut off. We were then ordered into tumbrels destined to conduct us to the scaffold. The one I was put in, being the last and too full, I was desired to come down again, and led back to prison, that I might the day following be executed.

"Fortunately that day was followed by an eternal night to the tyrants, who had condemned me.—There were no other executions beside theirs.

"Some time after, I was judged by another tribunal. It was very easy for me to prove, that, having been absent a number of years, all of which I had spent in a French colony, I could not be among the list of emigrants. I was set at liberty, as was also Eugene; and the first use I made of my freedom, was to endeavour to discover where you could be, my dear children. But you know all my researches were in vain.

"The estate of Roseville having become national property, and being then to be sold, I bade for it, in hopes of putting you in possession of it, as soon as I should find you. In a word, I purchased your father's estate, and took possession of it. There I have lived ever since, and, till yesterday, despaired of ever being able to restore it to you.

"Some days ago, as I sat reading on the rock, I perceived you gathering flow-

ers. A storm of thunder followed — you fled into the lime-kilns—I waited for your egress—it outlived my patience. My curiosity was excited, and I employed, with myself, my nephew, to discover who you were, and whether your retreat was really in this cavern.

"The conversation I have had with the good Margaret," added he, "and the handkerchiefs I saw marked G. R., surmounted with a crown, confirmed my first suspicions;—but I am only putting off the happiness that Heaven hath reserved for me."

Gabrielle and Augusta thanked their uncle as became them. If they were happy in finding a friend and a protector in the brother of their father, their uncertainty as to the fate of their parents afflicted them still more. They yielded, however, to the pressing solicitations of their uncle and cousin, to go and live at Roseville.

The most part of the domestics of their father were in the service of Mons. D'Argenss, and were filled with joy at the return of the young ladies. All the village went out to meet them, and testified their joy by a general illumination.

Mons. D'Argenss caused tables to be set out in the court of the castle, loaded with provisions; and all the peasants of the neighbourhood were invited to drink the health of the young ladies. Every one wished to see them, and they were obliged to appear, to partake of the joy of these good people, though the recollection of their parents' exile depressed their hearts.

The good Margaret was not forgotten. Mons. D'Argenss sent for her, as well as her children; and they came to congratulate their young benefactresses.

"God be praised!" said she; "you have found out a good relation. I hope your parents will soon return; then you

will want for nothing, and I shall be happy ; for the welfare of my own children lies not nearer my heart than your felicity."

The young ladies paid her frequent visits: but their uncle requested they would not go towards the cavern for some time, saying, " that he wished to make some alterations, which he begged them not to be curious to inspect, till they were finished."

In short, Mons. D'Argenss was so good, and so attentive, to his amiable nieces,— he seemed so happy in having them with him, that it must have been impossible for them not to feel all the delicacy of his kind behaviour.

On their part, they shewed him so much love and gratitude, that he every hour of his life blessed the day he had the good fortune of meeting with them.

Eugene, whose cares and attentions came not short of those of his uncle, com-

plained, laughing, "that his lovely cousins had robbed him of his uncle's heart and affections." Very often he would say also in confidence to that beloved uncle, "that Gabrielle would make the best of wives, and the tenderest of mothers; and that he who should have the happiness of obtaining her in marriage, would be the happiest of men."

"Most assuredly!" said Mons. D'Argenss, adding his testimony to that of Eugene, in allusion to the praises of his charming niece:—"What may not be expected of a woman who has conducted herself as Gabrielle, from the age of twelve years?" And as soon as he found himself alone with that beloved niece, he would praise the qualities, the temper, and even the fortune, of Eugene. The union of these two young people was what he desired the most of all things, next to that of seeing his brother and sister-in-law

safely returned from exile in a foreign land.

As he was conversing one day with Gabrielle on this project, "You know," answered she, "that my father sold two considerable estates: He deposited the money in the cavern, with other riches: That fortune would be sufficient for my sister and me, even if we were not accustomed to dispense with superfluities, as we really are. And, besides, you have had the goodness to put us in possession of our patrimonial estate of Roseville, which alone would be sufficient, without any other riches. After what I have said, you may believe, my dear uncle, that I shall never consider fortune, when I make that choice which shall decide the happiness of my life."

"Indeed, my dear child, I did not mention Eugene's fortune as one of the principal advantages which I anticipate in

your marriage with him; but it is because I believe his good qualities make him worthy of you, and that you will find in him a friend and a protector, should it please Heaven to snatch me from you. This union will, I am convinced, render your life happy, and my old age a scene of continual bliss; since I shall then spend my days with the two beings I love most in this world."

"I shall always be happy," answered Gabrielle, "to spend my life with you and my sister."

"Well, my dear child," said he, taking her tenderly by the hand, "may we never then be separated!"

Mons. D'Argenss then informed her, that he was under the necessity, from affairs of a very particular nature, to go to Paris for three or four months. "I intend," said he, "to take you with me, as well as Augusta: there you shall have

the best masters to finish your studies; and, on our return, I hope to have the unspeakable pleasure, if you have no personal dislike, to see you united to my dear Eugene."

"I shall always consider it my duty to obey you, my dear uncle," replied Gabrielle.

At this moment, Augusta and Eugene, intruding, interrupted the conversation, by proposing a walk: Mons. D'Argenss begged Gabrielle to do the same, and that he would accompany them himself; perfectly pleased with the prospect of having all his wishes fulfilled by this marriage; and that his nephew and nieces, in becoming his adopted children, would, in some measure, make up for the severe losses he had sustained in the death of his amiable wife and children. He was in a charming humour all that evening; and, it might

indeed, be said, he was always so, for he had completely overcome the impetuosity and hastiness of his temper, which were the cause of all the misfortunes of his youth. He was now as mild as he had formerly been violent.

Some days after this walk, Mons. D'Argenss set off for Paris, and took with him his two nieces. They did not forget Father Thomas: and, in passing through Orleans, they wished to fulfil their promise, and know what was become of him.

The poor man, astonished at seeing a splendid equipage stop at his door, came out, leaning on his staff; for, having had one of his legs broken by the kick of a horse, he could hardly walk.

"Good morning, Father Thomas," said Gabrielle, taking him familiarly by the hand: "we are come, my sister and I, to fulfil the promise we made you, almost

seven years ago, to see you whenever we made our fortune."

Father Thomas, who had entirely forgotten the poor little girls he had served, looked at the young Miss Rosevilles with amazement.

"I think," said he, very respectfully, "you must be mistaken?"

They reminded him of the promise they had given him never to forget him, whether they were poor or rich.

"We now enjoy the fortune you predicted to us, and we are come to thank you for the kindness you had for us when we were poor, and without any help," said Gabrielle.

Father Thomas, at length, recollecting himself, seemed very much pleased to see them; and, after they had enquired into the misfortunes which had deprived him of the use of his leg, they asked after honest Mary, his wife.

" Ah !" answered the good man, sighing, " she is no more !—It is four months now since God called her to himself.—I hope to join her soon," added he. " Lame as I am, and unable to earn my bread, death is my only wish !"

The two young ladies could not conceal their sorrow ; and, observing a little girl that fell a crying when she heard these last words from her father's lips, they enquired about the other children.

" My eldest son, nineteen years old," said Thomas, " is a very good gardener ; but, unfortunately, he is without work. Marianne is a seamstress.—It is she who supports us with bread since her mother's death ; for the illness of my poor wife carried to her grave all the little money we had saved from our industry. Louisa, whom you see, is only twelve years old. —I am very sorry I cannot send her to school any more.—She had begun to read

and write tolerably.—She is able to help her sister; but, as I told you just now, they have no work.—But I hope that God will take pity on my children, and tha I shall soon follow my poor Mary."

The young ladies of Roseville were greatly moved at the recital this poor man gave of his misfortunes; and Mons. D'Argenss, prejudiced in his favour by what he had done for his nieces, and the marks of honesty that appeared in his face, instantly proposed they should make him the porter of Roseville Castle;—a proposition which, we may easily suppose, was acceded to without any hesitation.

"I have also in view," continued Mons. D'Argenss, "a very good situation for your son; and, if Marianne will enter the service of Gabrielle, who wants a maid, I think she will not repent it. As for Louisa, we shall bring her up at the castle."

"It is I who will take charge of her education," interrupted Augusta, "if you will give me leave, my dear uncle."

"Assuredly, my dear child, and I am persuaded you will acquit yourself very well of the task," said her uncle. "But what do you think of our proposal, Father Thomas? Will it meet your wishes?"

"I sir," quoth Thomas: "I know not how to express all I feel: I do not merit such kindness; and," continued he, his haggard eyes filled with tears, "now I only desire to live to prove my gratitude, since I shall then shew it to these good young ladies."

"Why do you speak of gratitude, Father Thomas?" replied Gabrielle: "It is I—it is my sister, who owe it to you; and we shall never forget ourselves, you may rest assured.—Set off as soon as possible for Roseville.—My cousin Eugene will re-

ceive you and your children, as my friends.—I shall write to him, recommending you to his care."

"And I also," said Mons. D'Argenss.—"We are obliged to go to Paris just now, on some particular business; but, as soon as it shall be finished, we will return to Roseville; and I hope to find you there at our return, settled, and in good health."

In taking leave of Father Thomas, Gabrielle desired he would travel by the public conveyance—the most commodious he could find, that he might not increase the pain his leg gave him; and, stepping up to Louisa, she slipped into her hand a purse well filled, that they might be the better able to enjoy the advantages of her recommendation.

Having paid this visit, they continued their route, and did not stop till they arrived at the sign of the Two Doves. They

wished to pay the good hostess the expenses they had incurred with her formerly; and particularly that which Father Thomas had told them this good woman settled with him.

Mrs. Le Blanc would not receive any thing for the hospitality she had afforded the young ladies; "and, as to the expenses of your journey," added she, "Father Thomas never mentioned a word about it to me."

They then made some presents to Mrs. Le Blanc, admired the order and cleanliness of her inn, and slept there for the night. Next morning they settled their bill, and paid very liberally the expenses charged them: in a word, Gabrielle and Augusta congratulated themselves on having testified their gratitude to Father Thomas and the hostess of the Two Doves. Yet their return to this inn brought to their mind very mournful recollections;

and their emotion was heightened when they arrived at the barrier, at Paris.

" It is here!" said they to their uncle, " that our mother would every morning bring us, when she foresaw our separation from her!"

Their uncle did every thing in his power to banish the sorrow that preyed on their heart, and restore their fortitude, by giving them hopes that their future enquiries might be more successful. And as man is easily flattered by the prospect of future happiness, serenity and hope insensibly took possession of their hearts.

The day after their arrival at Paris, Mons. D'Argenss introduced to them a lady, " who would be kind enough," he said, " to take his place during his absence, should his affairs oblige him, for any short time, to leave them."

Mad. De Belmont was a widow, about fifty years of age, gifted with a fine equa-

nimity of temper, well educated, and perfectly accomplished; possessing within herself vast resources; and, though the misfortunes she had undergone had given her a melancholy air, there was a deal of goodness and sweetness still visible in her expressive countenance.

She had lingered two years in prison, under the frightful government of the blood-thirsty Robespierre. Her husband, and most of her relations, had perished on the scaffold. She had lost all her property, except a very small pension, barely sufficient for her maintenance; yet this amiable woman never complained—her piety and resignation stifled all her regrets.

She soon attached herself to the young ladies of Roseville, who, on their part, felt for her the most tender affection.

Mad. De Belmont found for these young ladies the very best masters, who might

improve their talents. She took them to the most remarkable public monuments, to the academies, and to the manufactories; in short, every where to instruct and amuse them.

Gabrielle and Augusta felt all the gratitude of good minds, for so many unwearied attentions: but they could not forget it was in this capital they had lost their parents; and this sorrowful recollection haunted them through all their pleasures and amusements.

Thus they spent five months in Paris; and Mons. D'Argenss, having terminated all his affairs there, proposed that Mad. De Belmont should accompany them to Roseville;—an offer which she accepted with much pleasure.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which a great city usually inspires, especially in an age of illusions, the two sisters quitted, with pleasure, this fatal place, in

which they could procure no information respecting their parents.

Mons. D'Argenss left Paris at night, to avoid the different questions his nieces might put to him; and, in order not to pass through the barrier by which they had entered that city, he took another road, though considerably longer. He amused them during the journey with different projects. His cheerfulness never once yielded to the fatigue of the way, but communicated itself to all the party; and they arrived at Roseville rather more reconciled to their fate, and in better spirits than when they set out.

Father Thomas, already installed in his office of porter, came to open the gates; for by the care of Eugene, who had sent for a very good surgeon, the old man's leg was then as sound as the other.

Poor Thomas appeared to have reached the summit of earthly happiness, and

could only express his gratitude by tears of joy and blessings, which he prayed Heaven to heap on all the family.

Marianne was that very evening put into office also; and her amiable young mistress was perfectly pleased with the air of modesty and ingenuousness which she discovered in her little protégée and former acquaintance.

Louisa came forth also, making her courtesy to the ladies and Mons. D'Argenss.

Gabrielle, not perceiving Eugene, looked at the door whenever it opened, expecting every moment to see him enter; but to no purpose. At last, seeing he came not in, she enquired of her uncle the cause of his absence.

"He is not here," said her uncle, briefly.

She was quite astonished at it, but did not repeat her question.

Eugene returned about a month after their arrival; and, as soon as the usual compliments had passed, he withdrew with Mons. D'Argenss.

They were shut up two or three hours together, and for some days following walked out almost always by themselves; or, when within doors, seemed wrapped up in a kind of mysterious silence.

So much mystery surprised Gabrielle; and, though naturally not of an inquisitive disposition, she could not help remarking the reserve with which her uncle had of late conducted himself towards them. Augusta perceived it also, and said one day to her sister:—

"I am sure our uncle and cousin are preparing a surprise for us.—I am sure of it; for they look both so happy and so pl as d, that I know not what to imagine. —I know they are thinking about your marriage; but I am certain there is some-

thing more occupies the attention of my uncle."

She had scarcely ended her speech, when Mons. D'Argenss, looking uncommonly pleased, came in with Madame De Belmont and Eugene.

"To-morrow," said he, "it will be a year, since I had the unspeakable happiness to find my dear nieces at the cavern, and from that time I requested they would not visit it. To-morrow, I shall celebrate its anniversary, and give you an entertainment there, ladies."

Augusta and Gabrielle looked at their uncle, to make themselves certain, by his looks, that they had understood his words distinctly.

"To the cavern!" quoth Gabrielle, in a low tone of surprise.

"Yes! my dear Gabrielle, to the cavern! Have you any thing to object to my project?" asked her uncle.

"No! most assuredly! my dear uncle: I shall be most happy to see it again."

"Will you be very happy?" replied Mons. D'Argenss. "Well! I hope you will not be disappointed."

Eugene looked at his uncle, smiling; kissed the hand of the beautiful Gabrielle, saying, "Yes! happy, my dear cousin! very happy!"

"And am I not to be happy also?" enquired Augusta, laughing.

"O yes! my dear love," replied Mons. D'Argenss.

"Could I be so without my beloved Augusta?" added Gabrielle, strongly prepossessed that all this was about her marriage; and, unable to conquer an involuntary emotion, till all was arranged, she quitted the saloon, and, retiring to the garden, met poor Margaret, who was bringing her the choicest fruits of the rock, as she had done the preceding years.

In presenting these to Gabrielle, Margaret expressed her wishes,—" I hope God has granted my requests, and that you will be happy, my dear young lady."

Mons. D'Argenss at that moment called Margaret to himself; and his niece, yielding to an entirely new train of feelings, pursued her walk, repeating, " Happy! certainly, I must be so in marrying Eugene,—he is so good, so attentive, and has so many good qualities! But, alas! my dear parents only ought to have given away the hand of their children. My good father! my tender mother! exiled from their country—perhaps without friends.—I know not how they exist; and I in the midst of opulence, contributing to the happiness of all who surround me. —I cannot even find out any way by which I may alleviate their distress—and I enjoy all the comforts and pleasures riches can procure."

This cruel idea, and the painful thought that they were dead, pressed strongly on her mind. Sorrowfully hanging her head, she shed a flood of bitter tears. It was almost night. Absorbed in these mournful reflections, and alone seated on a verdant bank, recalling to her mind the sensations she had that day experienced, she said to herself:—"Happy! me happy! that is impossible!" cried she.

"Why should you not be so, miss?" said Father Thomas, who, in one instant, was before her, though she had not perceived him, and who had watched her with anxiety. "You are so amiable, and you do so much good; and, when you make every body around you so happy, why would you not be happy yourself? You will be so, I assure you, miss; and I dare predict it to you, as I did formerly your good fortune. Heaven is just! and so many good actions will not go unre-

warded.——You will be happy—happy, I say, and sooner than you expect!"

"Yes, my dear Gabrielle, you will be happy!" repeated Mad. De Belmont, who had been in search of her, with Augusta, and had heard the last words of Father Thomas,—"you will soon be happy!"

Madame De Belmont and Augusta, taking her by the hand, led her back to the castle.

Mons. D'Argenss, however, observing that his niece was sorrowful, and her eyes still moistened with tears, felt uneasy, and enquired the cause.

Gabrielle owned that her tears had flowed from reflecting on the fate of her parents, and the uncertainty attending her ever seeing them again.

"O! make your mind easy, my dear child," said he: "I promise you that, before it is long, we shall hear from them."

"How so! my dear uncle: have you heard of them! and do you at last know the place of their refuge?"

"Hear me!" said Mons. D'Argenss, embracing her: "This I can assure you, before a week, you shall positively know their abode; and"——

"But, my dear uncle, how can you be sure of it?"

"Do not question me any more to-day, my dear child," answered he; "and I give you my honour, that, before a week, I will listen to whatever you shall ask on this subject; but, until then, I even forbid you:—and rather prepare yourself to enjoy the entertainment I am going to give you at the cavern.—Enjoy the present, and leave it to Providence to bless the future with nothing but serene days.—You will be happy, my dear child: it is utterly impossible, I repeat it again, you should

not be so. And you also, my dear little Augusta," said he, leaving the saloon.

The two sisters looked at each other with wonder. The last words of their uncle appeared so emphatical and significant, that they once more clung to hope. Yet his arguments were so obscure, that they feared giving way to a false joy ; and they were lost in conjectures.

Madame De Belmont not wishing to interrupt them, and, alone, standing at a window, was considering with interest her young friends, when Mons. D'Argenss entered, followed by Eugene.

The gentlemen proposed to have some music, and, without waiting for any answer, Eugene went and fetched the ladies' harps. He gave his uncle his violin, took his flute himself, and the two sisters found themselves obliged to play, though they would have preferred conversation.

They played till midnight, and as Mons.

D'Argenss never eat any suppers, he tenderly embraced his nieces, and retired to rest.

Eugene and Mad. De Belmont had a long dissertation on music. Gabrielle spoke but little: Augusta was thoughtful; and, perhaps, not so merry as usual; and each retired without being able to fathom the circumstances of this eventful day.

Next morning, Gabrielle was hardly arisen, when she heard the bells chiming; it was the first time she had heard them these seven years; for religion had been almost abolished in France, during the reign of Robespierre,—hardly a vestige of it remained. On the temples were inscribed:—"The French acknowledge the immortality of the soul—liberty and equality, or death." All the ancient forms of prayer were changed; and, instead of the sign of the cross, as an emblem of Christianity, in their new schools, these words

were substituted :—"In the name of Marat, Peltier, and St. Fargeau.*" The exercise of all other religions was punished with death. No wonder Gabrielle was astonished at the sound of the bells!

Mons. D'Argenss told her, "it was rejoicing, on the anniversary of his finding them at the cavern."

After breakfast, he led them, as well as Eugene and Madame De Belmont, to the church, to return thanks to the Deity, for the special protection he had granted them.

Te Deum was chaunted :—it well expressed their thanks and gratitude to Heaven. After which, the whole family stepped into the carriage ; Mons. D'Ar-

* Three of the notorious revolutionary regicides. And the words, *au nom de Marat, de Peltier, et St. Fargeau*, were used in stead of those holy epithets—"In the name of the Father," &c. TRANS.

genss bidding the driver—"Go to the rock —to the cavern."

The carriage, in place of turning by the side of the lime-kilns, advanced very far into the forest.

"Indeed, my dear uncle," said Gabrielle, "the coachman must have made a mistake; for we really must be much farther than the lime-kilns."

At that moment they entered a beautiful avenue; and a very pretty house, situate on the rock, met their view. On getting out of the carriage, Mons. D'Argenss, enjoying the astonishment of his nieces, asked them, "If they knew the cavern again?"

"No, my dear uncle," replied both the young ladies, in the same breath.

Then, leading them into the interior of the house, they soon recognised the apartments they had inhabited, except in a few alterations which had been

made in the distribution of them; particularly the doors, windows, and in chimnies.

The apartments of the second story, that is to say, those which had been built above the interior of the cavern, were simple and elegant, offering to one's sight the finest view in the world.

Mons. D'Argenss conducted them to the rotunda, which was furnished exactly as on the day their uncle had found them, excepting a large frame, covered over with a green silk curtain;—lifting it, and addressing himself to Madame De Belmont, "Here is," said he, "one of Eugene's performances, which, I believe, will please you."

It was Gabrielle and Augusta, painted in the same attitude in which he had seen them, for the first time.—One was playing the harp, and the other the piano. The

rose-tree was placed between them.—The likeness was very striking.

Madame De Belmont bestowed on this painting all the eulogiums it deserved.

" It is the more deserving of praise," said Mons. D'Argenss, " since my nephew has painted it from recollection."

" Ah! my dear uncle," replied, ingenuously, the young man, " these are recollections which are never to be forgotten."

Gabrielle, greatly moved, at last withdrew her eyes from the picture, fixed them on Eugene, kissed her uncle's hand, and walked out of the rotunda.

Instead of the dark passage which formerly led them to the quarry, was an avenue covered with jessamine, honeysuckle, and roses. At the end of it was bower, which, on one side, reached the forest; and, on the other, was terminated

by a vineyard-bank. At the base of the hill, was a beautiful valley, skirted by a vast meadow, watered by the Loire ; and, in the vista, a fertile country suddenly presented the most delightful perspective, Nature could offer, in all her richness.

Mons. D'Argenss led back his nieces into the bower, under pretence that the heat was too excessive; and they soon discovered a small temple, whose architecture was as simple as it was elegant.—Eight columns of white marble supported this edifice, and the inscription over the porch was—"*To filial affection.*"

Gabrielle, at her uncle's request, knocked at the door of the temple. Harmonious voices were instantly heard, and one very melodious sung the following stanza:—

Nor sorrow nor regret you more shall know ;
There yet is happiness in store for you ;
Give up your hearts to peace and joy,
Which God, your guide, will ne'er destroy.

The voice having ceased, several peasants, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses,—the men in grey coats and pink-coloured ribbons, and the women in white,—came out at different parts of the bower, to deposit a vase of flowers each, on the peristyle of the temple.

Two very pretty little peasant girls crowned the two sisters with garlands, repeating—

"Give up your hearts to peace and joy,
"Which God, your guide, will ne'er destroy."

Augusta, overjoyed, kissed her uncle, her sister, and Madame De Belmont. She skipped, laughed, and cried, all in one breath.

Gabrielle, standing between her uncle and her cousin, held the former's hand, raised it to her lips, and bathed it with tears of gratitude. A thousand confused

ideas crowded upon her mind;—she was too much moved to express the sentiments with which she was agitated.

"Follow the counsel of the oracle;" said Mons. D'Argenss,—

"Give up your hearts to peace and joy,
"Which God, your guide, will ne'er destroy."

"But we will go out one moment from this bower, which affects you so much.—Let us go in, if you like, into this beautiful flower-garden."

A bower, similar to the one we have just described, led them to a grotto, lined and carpeted with moss. In the midst of this grotto was still seen their sweet refreshing fountain.—Its borders, as formerly, were garnished with flowers; and, by an aperture curiously cut through the rock, the water, instead of being lost under its base, had been made to flow into

the gardens, and wind among the delightful parterres. Nothing had been altered of the cascade, and the little bason; but, to the noise of the former was added, the songs of a crowd of birds, flying about in a green pavilion.

They ascended to that pavilion by steps, cut in the rock, concealed by one of the pillars of the fountain. From thence they could discover the immense forest of Roseville — fertile banks—beautiful avenues—the chain of rocks, covered with grapes, and the choicest fruit—the city of Tours, washed by the clear Loire—a valley filled with numerous flocks—and cottages scattered over the country, to enliven the scene.

It was now the beginning of the harvest. —Every thing breathed abundance, and presented one of the most agreeable pictures of rural pleasures the mind can enjoy.

Coming out of the pavilion, they entered into a large kitchen-garden, well stocked with every thing in the culinary line. Father Thomas's son, who was the gardener, conducted them through all the hot-houses, which contained orange-trees, scarce shrubs, as well as different kinds of choice fruits.

From the kitchen-garden they were conducted to a very neat farm-house, built on the scite of the lime-kilns; that part of the cavern formerly inhabited, was transformed into a barn, stables, and cart-house.

Near it was a very fine vine-press. — Margaret, and her nine children, coming forth out of the farm-house, dressed in new clothes, Mons. D'Argenss presented her to his nieces, as "neighbour, housekeeper, and tenant of the rock."

"May God Almighty lead you with his

blessings, my dear young ladies, and make you as happy as I am myself, and I shall die contented," said the good woman.

Madame De Belmont enquired, "Why so many tables were set out in the farm, and even in the yard?"

"They are for the peasants," said Mons. D'Argenss, "who are all tenants of Roseville:—but I begin to think you must be tired ladies; you must rest, for you must be hungry."

They entered into the house, and placed themselves at a table. They dined in silence, but in harmony.

Mons. D'Argenss was enjoying the surprise he had created: but a certain uneasiness was still visible in his countenance.

Madame De Belmont exhibited an agreeable gaiety, which was enjoyed by Augusta, who was pleased with all these scenes, so lively and so new.

Gabrielle eat little, spoke less, smiled at her uncle, and longed greatly to interrogate him respecting her parents, but did not dare to broach a subject on which he had forbidden her to speak.

Eugene tried to partake of Augusta's joy, and endeavoured to tranquillize Gabrielle, repeating the words of the oracle, and looking often at his watch.

As soon as dinner was over, he mounted his horse, promising soon to return:—"Every one here looks so serious," said he, laughing, "that I shall see if I cannot bring you better company."

"What an insult!" said Madame De Belmont.

"I beg your pardon, madame, I should have said,—more gay or agreeable; for my cousin Gabrielle, who has not said one word"——and he left them.

A short time after his departure, Ga-

brielle and Augusta having approached the window, saw the garden illuminated; the house, and the avenue of the forest, were decorated with variegated lamps, which formed the initials A.G.R.

All of a sudden, from the middle of the forest, a number of muskets were fired off in the air; and immediately the cries of *Vive Monsieur le Comte! Vive Madame la Comtesse!* resounded from all parts.

Gabrielle and Augusta, with great agitation, asked their uncle, "Why all those cries of joy?"

"All," said he, "to announce to you the greatest happiness—your parents!"

"What! my dear uncle!" cried the two sisters, falling at his feet, "Do they live!"

"Yes! my dear girls! and you shall soon see them," answered Mons. D'Argenss.

The cries of *Vive le Comte! Vive la Comtesse!* encreased.—A carriage is heard approaching.

" I am happy, my dear nieces," cried M. D'Argenss, embracing them.—" Here are your parents!"

Gabrielle and Augusta, flying towards their father and mother, fell at their feet in a state of insensibility. They scarcely heard the last words of their uncle,—and were only brought to themselves in the arms of their parents, who loaded them with kisses and tears.

" My father! my mother! my children! my brother!"

These were the only words that were uttered, or could be heard, for some time. And Mad. De Belmont, her eyes bathed in tears of joy, gazed on this scene of happiness with the liveliest emotion, and secretly admired the miraculous ways which Providence employs to answer the

ends of the Divine justice, and reward virtue.

After these first delectable sensations of happiness, so keen and so rare, they felt themselves more calm and tranquil; the effusions of parental and filial tenderness giving place to that settled satisfaction which results from the possession of objects long and ardently loved, and desired to be enjoyed.

Mons. D'Argenss presented to his brother and sister-in-law, Madame De Belmont, as the friend of his nieces, and one who had supplied the place of a mother.

As to Eugene, he was already known to the count and countess.

Augusta, clasped in her mother's arms, tenderly reproached her uncle, asking him, "Why he had kept them so long in suspense about the existence of their dear parents?"

"I was fearful, my dear child," replied

he, "to give you a hope I had not myself; for the first enquiries I caused to be made were so very uncertain, that I dared not to communicate them to you.—Such was the cause of Eugene's absence when we returned from Paris. At his return, he brought me more certain information: that is to say, a letter from my brother; but I was even then obliged to be secret, from the pressing entreaties of your father, who wished to surprise you himself, that he might see whether you really knew him. I have kept the secret as well as I could, till the moment of his arrival: yet I was fearful such instantaneous emotions might be fatal to you. You will now be able to account for all these preparations this day. But your anxiety on hearing the names of your parents, the firing you heard when their carriage was in sight, and my own sensations, too violent to be suppressed, drew the secret from my lips.—And now,

little scolder, my brother will plead my excuse.——So far from finding fault, miss, you ought to be very much obliged to me for the manner in which I prepared you to receive so much happiness, and which you will confess you did not expect."

"And you, my dear Gabrielle, are you also angry? or have you any wish to quarrel with me?"

"O no! my dear uncle; I am too happy to think of any thing of the kind."

Madame de Belmont, more collected than the rest, observed, that the travellers might probably be hungry; and, supper being served up, the whole party followed into the room where it was set out.

The countess, seated between her two daughters, made them relate all their adventures, since the moment she had quitted them. She admired her dear children as they proceeded in their history, and often interrupted them by her caresses.

The Count Roseville thanked Providence for the protection granted to his family, and the happiness he found in being once more reunited to his daughters and brother.

Mons. D'Argenss, after all his losses and misfortunes, now felt that there was happiness in store for him.

Madame De Belmont almost forgot her losses, and the vicissitudes of her checquered life, in sharing with this family the felicity of her young friends.

As for Eugene, he listened to Gabrielle, and looked at her parents; for he feared they might not consent to his uncle's proposals and wishes; or, that they might have other views for their amiable daughter.

When this charming girl had terminated her recital, the countess said, "I cannot, this night, relate to you but very succinctly our misfortunes; but your father

intends writing his adventures, and you will then see all the ways Providence worked, in leading us to the happiness we now enjoy.

"When I left you, I ran to the prison, gave my name to the jailor, begging him to allow me to see my husband, if he was yet in existence.

"This man, moved with the despair depicted in my countenance, conducted me up to a garret, where I found my dear Augustus lying on a small sorry bed, dangerously ill of a fever.

"I fell at the jailor's feet, begging him to allow me to nurse my husband. My tears, my entreaties, and all the money I had with me, at last softened his heart; and, with cautious reluctance, he granted my request;—but an officer entering at that moment, told me I was his prisoner!

"I had all the trouble in the world to procure for my husband a physician; and,

during a whole month, I daily despaired of his life. The dreadful fear I was in, lest I should lose him, added to the torments I felt, when I thought on the dangers to which you were exposed, my dear children, wrung my very heart.

" I offered, without ceasing, my prayers and my tears to that God, full of mercy and goodness, who now hath reunited us. —I supplicated Him to protect you; submitting myself and your father to his holy will, as I every instant expected with horror the death of my dear spouse. But God granted that your father's health should be re-established, and, a little time after, we were sent into exile.

" We were embarked, by order of the government, for Cayenne. Fortunately, the captain who commanded the ship was the son of an old steward of Count Melval, your grandfather. He lay under the most serious obligations to your father,

and we were treated with the greatest kindness and attention.

"A most dreadful tempest having driven us on the coast of Portugal, the captain was obliged to put into port, and gave us up, with all possible precaution, to a merchant-vessel, whose captain was his friend. This vessel was bound for St. Domingo, and he took charge of us to that island.

"There we were in hopes of finding some relief from my husband's brother. —You may judge of our despair, when, on landing, we heard of the misfortunes and departure of Count Henry.

"However, some of his wife's relations received us with much hospitality: but the liberty granted to the slaves some time after our arrival, and their rebellion, obliged most of the proprietors to flee their habitations, and seek an asylum in a foreign country. Our friends embarked

for Jamaica, and took us with them. The following year, we sailed for England, where we had the misfortune to lose these generous friends. Without money, without acquaintances, without any other recommendation than our misfortunes, we were, however, received and succoured by the generosity of the English government.

" But there were so many of our country people in the same situation with us, that these succours, though considerable in the aggregate, were but a trifle to us, individually.—They were far from being sufficient to meet the wants of a long illness, which we were afflicted with almost at the same time. Heaven, ever propitious, brought to our relief, Lady Clarendon, who took the greatest care of us.

" When our health was re-established, she offered me a situation, as governess, with one of her friends,—and one, as

tutor, for my dear Augustus, in another family. Necessity made that a law, which neither of us, by birth, was destined to obey; and we were forced to accept of these situations. But though inured to distress, we were not habituated to dependance; and I felt that one has more courage to support any misfortune, sooner than the continual restraint which results from a false position of circumstances, and for which Heaven did not seem to have intended us.

"When to the recollection of my dear daughters, and the dangers to which they were exposed, was added the loss of our rank and our fortune, in spite of all the kindness of the lady I was with, still I was bowed down by the weight of my chain.

"The unfortunate being, whose heart is wounded by misfortune, is so susceptible, that little is wanting to open wounds

hardly dried up; and it is not in dependance, how sweet so ever it may be, to heal them effectually.

"We did not dare to communicate to you, my dear daughters, any information concerning our fate, fearing your retreat might be discovered; for I still flattered myself, that, having followed my advice, you had reached it, and were living at the cavern in safety, unheeded and unknown.

"I relied upon the prudence and the courage of my dear Gabrielle.—And every day and night of my exile, I prayed the Almighty to take you both under his protection. I even hoped that poor Richard had escaped death, and was serving you."

"How?" interrupted Gabrielle, "that good domestic was not with you?"

"Alas! my dear child, we have never heard what has become of him; and, as he has never returned to the cavern, I am

afraid he has perished. I regret him most sincerely," continued the countess; " for without his care and attention in preparing that retreat, how could my dear daughters have escaped misery and death? This idea makes me shudder, even though I am embracing you, my dear children."

Every one pitied and regretted poor Richard.

At the end of a few moments, the countess proceeded in her tale.—

" I had occasion to go to Mr. Thellusson, the banker's: his son was setting off for France: I gave him a letter for Mr. Perregeux, the banker of my husband's father.—I begged him to enquire concerning the coheiress of Roseville, and what was become of my brother-in-law, Count Henry. Unfortunately he lost my letter; but, recollecting the name of Roseville, which he was ignorant of to be mine, he still fulfilled part of my commission."

"Yes!" interrupted Mons. D'Argenss, "Mr. Peregeaux having written to me, I suspected that those who were interesting themselves so much for the young ladies at Roseville, and their uncle, might be their relations; yet, not wishing to buoy up my nieces with a false hope, I purposely sent Eugene, my nephew, to Hamburgh, to one of my correspondents, who could receive letters from London, in a very short time. I then wrote to Mr. Thellusson, to whom my sister had applied, and begged he would transmit a letter to Count Augustus Roseville, if he could be found; and supposing that the person who had already applied to him was the count himself, I requested he might furnish him with all the money necessary to bring him to France, without delay.

"My dear Augustus received the letter, and the money I had sent him. He set off for Hamburgh, and remained with my

friends for a month.—From thence he wrote me word to keep his arrival perfectly secret, even from his daughters.

"I employed all Mr. Peregeaux's interest to obtain the erasure of his name from among the list of the proscribed, and I was fortunate enough to succeed.

"Eugene arrived some days before that intelligence reached me. He had seen the count and countess in perfect health. His marriage with Gabrielle, which was intended to be celebrated along with the anniversary of our finding my dear nieces, was put off.

"We calculated the day and hour of your arrival; and, to deceive the impatience I myself felt, from the pleasure your presence would give me, I made no alterations in the preparations I intended giving my nieces at this entertainment.

"I have had that house built on the rock which they inhabited for six years.

I was only obliged to buy some adjacent lands, and cut down some wood, to make it a commodious and comfortable habitation. I intended it for Gabrielle's wedding present. Now it is her father and mother who must dispose of the hand of their child. All I can say is, that Eugene's virtues, his personal qualities, in short, his disposition, make him worthy of Gabrielle. My nephew's fortune amounts to 200,000 livres, in landed property.—I have nearly as much myself, which I intend leaving him, if this match takes place.—This marriage would fulfil Gabrielle and Eugene's happiness, and crown me with joy."

Eugene fell at the feet of the count and countess, entreating them to give their consent to his marriage with Gabrielle, and accept of him as a son-in-law.

The count and countess, already pre-

possessed in this young man's favour, by the kind reception they had received from his relations in America,—and, besides, grateful for the assiduities he had used in finding them out, and what Count Henry had said in favour of his disposition and good qualities, which they considered far above his fortune,—consented with joy to that marriage, which took place eight days after the parents' arrival.

The newly married couple made the house on the rock their usual habitation.

Count Henry lived at the castle, with his brother and sister-in-law. As I have said before, his temper was perfectly changed: —he was become the most amiable of men. In the society of his brother, his sister-in-law, his nieces, and his nephew, he forgot his losses and misfortunes.

Augusta, as amiable as her sister, and not less pretty, has just been united to an

estimable young man, whom she renders happy, by her virtues and excellent qualities.

Madame De Belmont soon became the friend of the countess, who will only be separated from her by death; and there is not a day passes, but all this interesting family meet, either at the castle of Roseville, or the rock.

Poor Richard appeared at the gate of the castle, some months after his master, having lost one of his legs, and covered with wounds.

This faithful domestic had been forced to march to the frontiers; and, unable to serve any longer, after eight years, he had his discharge given him, and returned to the castle of Roseville, where he was received with much cordiality and pleasure, especially as no one there ever expected to see him again. He makes part of the family, which will never be separated;

and even the count has some thoughts of writing Richard's adventures with his own.

Father Thomas and the good Margaret are allied, by the marriage of their children, and live happy beside their benefactors.

All the family of Roseville enjoy, at last, that peace and felicity which they have purchased with so many tears.

May they henceforth encounter none but serene and happy days.

THE END.

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